

SAINT CRISPIN  
AND  
Other Quaint Conceits  
AND  
MERRY RHAPSODIES



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THE following Testimonials have been received from  
Gentlemen who have read the MSS.:—

*From* GEORGE GLENNY, ESQ., *Author of* “*The Properties  
of Flowers,*” *Botanical and other Standard Works.*

“These Poems are what I should describe as anti-  
“ Roman Catholic, and there is no mistake about their  
“ being piquant and quaint in their style, and that they  
“ will be popular among Protestants.”

*From* DR. FERDINAND RAHLES, *Reviewer of Foreign  
Literature.*




“I enjoyed very much the reading of ‘Saint Crispin,’  
“ which is both comical and satirical in style.”

*From a Literary Critic of eminence.*

“The fluency of rhyming displayed, with the  
“ abundance of quaint thoughts, and the intermixture  
“ of ‘old saws with modern instances’ and cant  
“ sayings, remind the reader frequently of the  
“ ‘Ingoldsby Legends,’ and are even occasionally on  
“ a par with them as to wit and power of expression.”

# SAINT CRISPIN

AND

ther uaint onceits

AND

## MERRY RHAPSODIES.

BY

W. J. EVELYN INGRAM.

---

“Ne futor ultra crepidam.”

---

LONDON:

WILLIAM FREEMAN, 102, FLEET STREET.

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*The Author reserves the Right of Translation*

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SIR MAURICE;

OR,

THE HAUNTED CHURCHYARD.





## SIR MAURICE;

OR,

### THE HAUNTED CHURCHYARD.

**S**IR Maurice was a knight of mighty arm,  
And had in Italy achieved renown;  
No battles ever caused his heart alarm;  
As for a challenge—his reply a frown  
Of stern defiance; still he felt a qualm  
Whene'er he heard of ghosts or any sort of thing .  
He couldn't pink with sword, or with a bullet  
wing.

And this was all occasioned by those stories  
So often told to people in their youth.  
Of warfare he had heard, and all its glories  
Were grafted in his heart, because their truth  
Was patent to himself; but all about  
The supernatural he felt a doubt.

His nurse had often told him, when a boy,  
Of goblin, spectre, forcerer, and sprite;  
And, when he cried, she found the best alloy  
To talk of bogies, who took brats at night ;  
So that however brave might be his heart,  
She curbed his mind, which was the better part.

He had been educated at a school  
Where moral courage was presumed a basis ;  
But superstition formed the fav'rite rule,  
And was in fact the very great oasis  
On which his teachers fell to curb his tether,  
For few could cope with such a bird of feather.

But early precepts never are forgotten ;  
And in Italia's land, where they rely  
On priestly miracles (altho' they're rotten),  
Yet the demand quite equals the supply ;  
He wonder'd how the Virgin could contrive  
To wink the same when dead as if alive.

He saw the weeping image at Milan,  
"Saint Magdalen," who in her great emotion  
Produced a stream of trickling tears, that ran  
To aid the unbelievers in devotion :

And he could not with truthfulness deny  
He'd never seen the marble statue cry.\*

Yet being told with all solemnity

That such were facts he saw before his eyes,  
How dare he doubt a priest's indemnity ;

On faith of some sort ev'ry one relies,  
Such as the liquefaction of Saint Januarius,  
The test of whose famed blood some think is most  
precarious.

He heard about the priests at Santiago,†  
Who lay upon the women an embargo  
For postage on all letters that are given  
To priestly couriers who go up to heaven ;

---

\* The Florence correspondent of the *Indépendance Belge* says that a singular discovery has been made in a church in one of the faubourgs of Milan. A statue of Saint Magdalen, which has been long famous for weeping in the presence of unbelievers, was recently moved in order to facilitate repairs in the church. It was found that the statue contained an arrangement for boiling water, the steam from which passing into the head, was there condensed, and making its way by a couple of pipes to the eyes, trickled down the cheeks of the image: so the wonderful miracle was performed.

† In the accounts of the destruction by fire of the Cathedral at Santiago, when some 2000 females were burnt, it was mentioned that the priests had erected a letter-box for women

For when the ladies' sins require purging,  
They then indite a letter to the Virgin.

But what her answers were to their petition,  
Or if the priests had forged her autograph,  
Were points by far too moot for his cognition ;  
Their conduct at the fiery cenotaph  
Was like Nero's, who, tender feelings spurning,  
Could play the fiddle while the place was burning.

And sundry strange conceptions that he saw,  
Descended like an heirloom we inherit ;  
Tho' here and there he might detect a flaw,  
Still on the whole it acted on his spirit,  
And gave to all he couldn't understand  
A certain awe, which held him in command.

Beside the Abbey where the yew tree blows,  
Obtaining life distilled from dead men's bones,  
There by its side the weeping willow grows,  
Bending its languid leaves upon the stones—

---

to send petitions to the Virgin. By the priests' persistence in closing the door of the sacristy to enable them to remove the valuables of the church—and themselves—in safety, they were the cause of preventing hundreds escaping from the dreadful immolation.



“Death’s monuments”—where man in vain  
records

The last frail trace humanity affords.

Rumour a tale about that yard had spread,  
That in the night a ghost walked o’er the dead ;  
And some who had been known to pass alone  
Beside the charnel-house, had heard a groan,  
In which direction, by the moon’s pale light,  
With horror they beheld the awful fight.

The tale got wind among the population  
About the time the knight arrived at home ;  
It was a theme of gen’ral consternation,  
And after dark scarce any one would roam  
Within the precincts of a spot so dread,  
Where walked the restless and unholy dead.

A poor old faithful widow, who had laid  
Her husband in his grave, was ne’er afraid  
Of ghosts. In tribulation of the mind  
She thought a calm in solitude to find ;  
And ev’ry night went forth in grief to mourn,  
Beside the shadow of his hallowed urn.

And there was feasting in an ancient hall,  
The wassail cup had made each heart rejoice,  
While none could dream dark danger could appal  
Each noisy guest (if one might judge by voice).  
But in the midst of all their revelry  
The conversation turned on devilry,

And then on spirits which return'd to earth—  
Revisiting the glimpses of the night—  
When far less loud became the roistering mirth,  
Or, plainly speaking, disappeared in fright ;  
For manly roaring to soft whispers sunk,  
And no more merry toasts that night were drunk.

Then up arose (fresh from the battle-field)  
Sir Maurice—he whose valour ne'er did fail—  
And cried, “Ye knights ! a blot upon the shield  
Of each who at old women's stories quail !  
“Go to the churchyard, if you're brave and true.”  
The answer was, “Sir Maurice, pray will you ?”

Thus called upon—altho' to him distasteful,  
And tho' in secret not a little daunted—  
He thought refusal would appear disgraceful  
By those whose courage he had just now taunted.

He knew "Necessitas non habet leges,"  
But this beat all his battles and his sieges.

Thus being challenged, he perforce consented.  
True to his word he fought the drear abode  
(Tho' forely his pot-valour he repented),  
And entered where the troubled spirit strode ;  
Yet was not spirit in that haunted ground  
So troubled as his own—as now he found.

Till now he ne'er had made a recantation  
Of his belief in either sprite or ghost,  
And straightway he commenced his incantation,  
One part in fear, and one in noisy boast ;  
For well he knew it would not do to lag,  
Tho' when he held the beaker he could brag.

" If there be any who have pass'd Death's portal,  
" Or who upon his late life sadly ponders,  
" I call upon that most unhappy mortal,  
" Or rather spirit who in space now wanders,  
" Whether it be in England, Spain, or France, sir,  
" 'This moment I demand to have an answer."

In pausing for reply, he thought he heard  
A curious sort of noise in his proximity ;  
His blood felt chilled, and yet he never stirred  
(It was the rustling of the widow's dimity) ;  
But hearing nothing more he thought he needed  
More energy, and thus again proceeded :

" Report asserts that from some awful cause  
" Thou wand'rest here, for some affirm they've  
seen thee.

" Say why thou violatest nature's laws ?  
" For not a shadow of thy shade shall screen  
thee ;

" My voice is husky, yet I've no horse laugh,  
" Nor, like my horse, do I indulge in ' chaff.'

" Tell me the truth while I am standing by—  
" You'll find, by Jove, that I'll allow no quarter ;  
" And if you do not instantly comply,  
" Upon your tombstones I'll commence :  
slaughter.

" With my most famed of swords an insult you  
should fettle :

" If you've the spirit of a ghost, come, show your  
mettle !"

The frail and trembling widow in her sorrow  
Had heard these threats and very dark menaces,  
And luckily it was not near the morrow,  
Whose rosy light had shown his vile grimaces ;  
While she, poor soul, was at the theological,  
His mind was working at the diabolical.

These horrid imprecations 'midst the gloom  
Aroused the silent figure from the grave,  
And with a shriek she fainted on the tomb ;  
Off bolted he, his craven self to save—  
The only reveller who dared to roam  
His friends about existence in a ghost.

Had he possessed the courage that he vaunted,  
And stayed, he would have seen that his affright  
Was not caused by the churchyard being haunted,  
But would have found, to his intense delight,  
Instead of meeting with a ghost or elf,  
'Twas one almost as frightened as himself.

He staggered homewards looking like a spectre,  
With such a frenzied brain as terror warps ;  
He found the widow such a stern reflector,  
That in a week he was himself a corpse.

And thus Sir Maurice, now as cold as stone,  
By seeking for a ghost gave up his own.

MORAL.

*Written as an Epitaph for Sir Maurice' Cenotaph.*

Imagination paints fictitious things,  
And out of fancy oft a goblin springs;  
No churchyard has the power to disclose  
Such horrors as poor timid hearts suppose.  
The germ of ev'ry ghost in superstition lies—  
Created in the brain, which ignorance supplies.





## THE ANGLER'S FATE.

A LEGEND OF TWICKENHAM.

**R**OBERT Jones one morning very  
Early took a fishing wherry,  
Not at Wapping Old Stairs,  
Where your Molly declares  
Her love will be true till she dies,  
But at Twickenham Ait,  
Where the connoisseurs state  
The eels taste so nice in the pies.

You never could halt on  
A man who had studied  
Piscatorial Walton,  
Or a brain half so flooded  
With all the enticements of ground-bait or fly,  
To hook out a fish wherefoever he'd lie.

His mind did inherit  
The famed Izaak's spirit ;  
His walls were well embellish'd by  
Stuffed victims of the treach'rous fly,  
All splendid specimens of fish  
To gratify an angler's wish,  
The trophies of his former sport,  
Alas ! this fatal day cut short.

While Bob was peering from the boat  
Watching the bobbing of his float,  
The 'thwart gave way, and back he fell,  
Soufed like a pickled mack-e-rel.  
Although his muscles were alive,  
He could not swim, but he could dive ;  
His heel stuck in the mud so tight,  
Much to the other eels' delight ;  
And thus poor Jones, once an Oxonian,  
Died—by becoming a Waltonian.

It is reported since that day  
The eels a finer taste display ;  
But why?—"The Reason Why" don't say :  
Perhaps from feelings of dismay ;



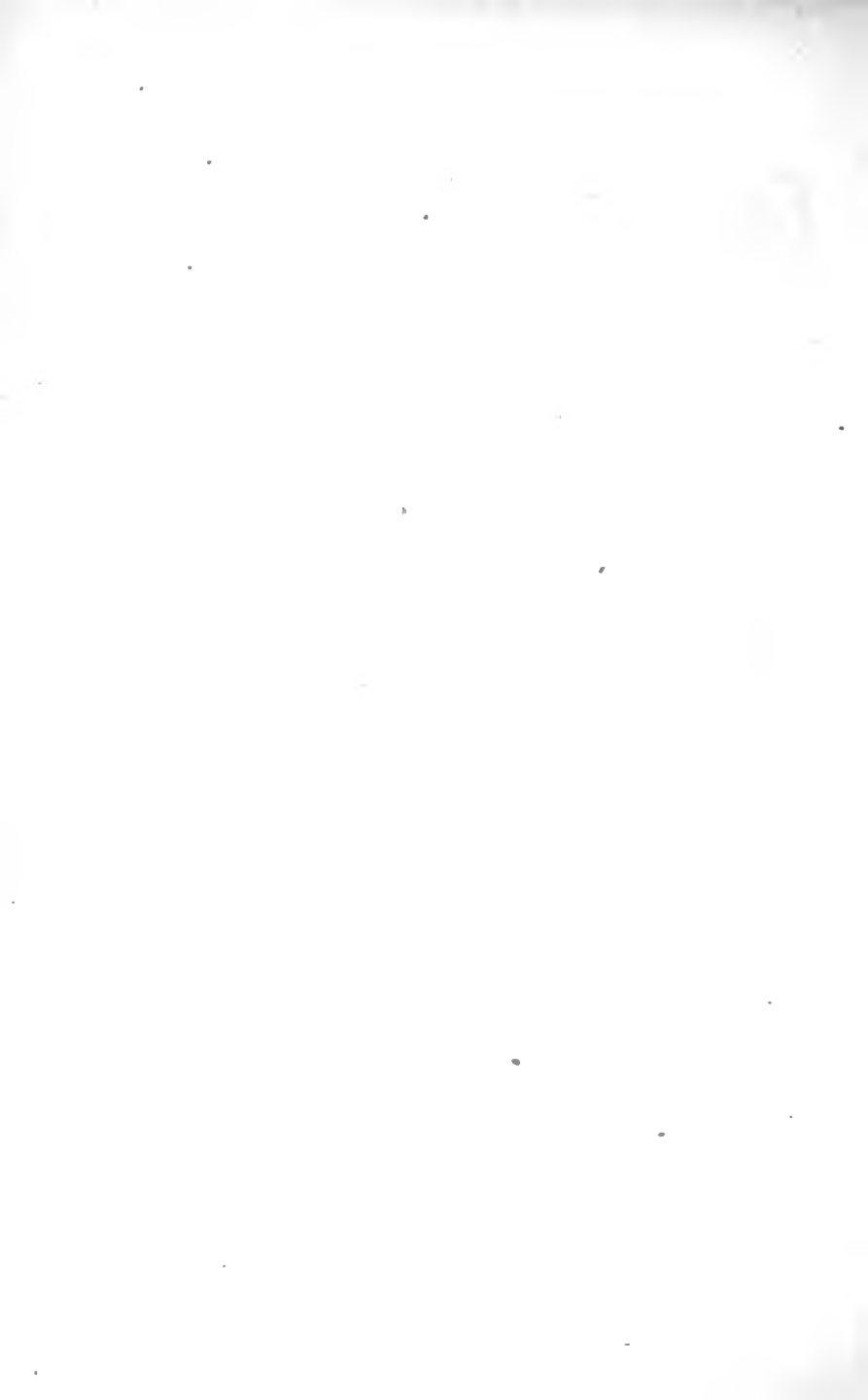
And we've been told it ill became us  
To spoil the sale of pies so famous.  
We recommend "Enquire Within"—  
The work to answer everything—  
And shut your ears, and do not see  
The link of Jones' catastrophe.  
But I most diligently fought  
The Twickenham Registrar's report,  
And find that Jones was not interr'd;  
By which 'tis easily inferr'd,  
And very greatly to be dreaded,  
His corpse has only been imbedded;  
That is, the residue of bone—  
The Lord knows where the flesh has gone.





THE  
REVELLER'S DREAM.

A LEGEND OF BRIGHTON.





## THE REVELLER'S DREAM.

A LEGEND OF BRIGHTON.

**P**ETER Carew, a captain in the Lancers,  
Was always thought a paragon of  
dancers ;  
In Scotch or Irish reels  
He'd twist and twirl his heels,  
No bee with pin  
Stuck through his skin  
Could turn with such velocity :  
Not one in a million  
Could dance a cotillon  
Like this young famed precocity.  
He'd never step false  
When dancing a waltz,  
But would spin like a top  
Until ready to drop ;

For he felt the intensity  
Of the twirling propensity.

Nor did he e'er forget

Politeness in a minuet;

Like the said bee he'd pirouette, }

And make a salaam, when he look'd in the face full  
Of his partner, madam, who thought it most  
graceful.

This Captain Carew was an exquisite swell,  
And owned the affections of many a belle ;

Of music he'd talk

While dancing a polk ;

'Twould have opened the eyes of poor blind  
Belifarius

To see him and Miss Glibly perform the cellarius ;  
And Miss G. would in turn play upon the piano,  
While he danced with another the varsoviana.

Baron Nathan asserts of illustrious dancers,  
That Peter invented the "set" called the  
"Lancers."

The ladies, those darling and lovely philosophers,  
Declared him to be the most charming of officers ;  
In giving a toast or breathing a sentiment,  
Not one was like him in the whole of the regiment.

But I'm sorry to say  
That this captain so gay,  
In addition to dancing  
Was also advancing  
In numerous pursuits  
Which produced evil fruits.  
It's a secret worth knowing—  
Tho' I'm not fond of "blowing"  
The trumpet belonging to fame—  
But it has been reported  
That the captain resorted  
To the "bottle"—I think that's the name.

And it's also related that scarce one or two  
Could sit up and drink, like young Peter Carew,  
Without feeling dizzy and saying things rude—  
A state best described by a word they call  
"screwed."

One night, after doing a dance and a booze,  
He went home to bed like a lonely recluse,  
And had just fallen off in a soft happy snooze,  
When the wine he'd been drinking and couldn't  
refuse  
Concocted a "dream" of the "horrible blues."

A strange sort of feeling came into his noddle :  
Tho' still half asleep, he thought he must toddle  
In any direction but where he was lying ;  
For all sorts of goblins came peeping and prying  
With horrible grins, and great saucer eyes,  
And carbuncle noses, which drinking supplies.  
These hideous companions kept quietly eyeing  
Poor Peter Carew in his unhappy fix,  
Whose brain seemed a deluge of Lethe or Styx :  
    No flying-fish, skimming  
        The water so bright,  
    Could have a "head swimming"  
        Like Peter that night.

But the mind, ever active on one thing or other,  
Made him think himself "Fish," and the Devil  
    his brother.

It's strange the excitement a frenzied brain feels  
When worked up with wine ; and the nightmare  
    reveals

"The identical person" he thought his relation,  
And thus, in his "Dream," he began the oration :

    "O Devil ! to thee

    "For succour I flee ;

    "State, state but thy terms, to all I'll agree ;



"Release me at once, and give me some quarter ;  
 "If I'm really a fish—"I'm a fish out of water!"  
 "Give, give me, dear Devil, the power to lave  
 "'Neath the waters so pure, 'neath the bright  
     briny wave ;  
     " For, tho' glorious the earth,  
     " Where I first derived birth,  
 "Since some vile transformation has made me a  
     'Fish,'  
     " The earth and the air,  
     " However so fair,  
 "Are useless to me and no longer my wish."

He imagined the Devil was standing before  
 Him, and granting him all he could wish to  
     implore ;  
 Had he treated him harshly he perhaps might  
     have fainted,  
 But found "he was not quite so black as he's  
     painted."

    Said the Devil—"I grant  
     " The water you want ;  
 "I think you'll enlighten at some future day  
 "The remnant that's left of humanity's clay ;  
 "I've watched you for long, and I find you display

“ A talent superior to most in their revels,  
“ And a candidate likely to have the ‘blue devils.’  
“ You once were a man, but I’ve made you a ‘Triton,’  
“ You’re now in the depths of the ocean, off  
Brighton ;  
“ At present you rest on a nice fandy pillow,  
“ Arrived by the ‘header’ you took through the  
billow ;  
“ You are near my ‘estate,’  
“ I have granted the boon ;  
“ Be resigned to your fate,  
“ I will call again foon.”

---

Become an aquatic,  
He felt quite ecstatic,  
Tho’, much like an eel,  
At times he would feel  
A certain intensify  
We’ll call a propensity,  
That when of the ocean he didn’t feel fond,  
He’d never despond,  
But migrate, ‘like a bird,’ to another fish-pond.\*

---

\* In a recent work “On the Pike,” by Mr. Pennell, it is

It's a curious affair  
How the eels can get there,  
And well worth a question or two I would ask,  
For it seemeth to be a most difficult task.

First determine their breed—  
For I feel much in need  
Of some clever authority—  
I would call a majority  
Of practical men,  
Who could say there and then  
How these creatures meander,  
Like any old gander,  
From one pond to another  
Without any bother ;

And a friend has asserted that no one can prove  
An iota or word of their serpentine love :

He, being masonic,  
Thinks it may be platonic.

But just as he'd think of the subject no longer,  
He floated—good gracious!—against a large conger ;

---

asserted that the pike has also the power of taking the “over-land route” from one pond to another, and has been caught in the act of doing so.

There's one consolation, when he was a man  
'Twas not a bad dish—let them eat it who can.

    If you meet with a bull,  
    Tho' you've often been full  
Of beef, yet it's one thing to have it  
    By way of a bake,  
    Or else a rump steak,

    If your appetite happens to crave it ;  
And having the bull or the conger well frizzled  
Is all very nice ; but I think you'd have mizzled,  
If in *propriâ personâ* either one should attack you,  
Unless at your heels you'd the Devil to back you.  
But the conger shied off, though I can't tell the  
    reason,

Unless such an aquamarine out of season  
    As he might appear,  
    Caused the "long-back" some fear ;

But certain it is, it put Peter in mind

    That no sort of ill-life that any poor cur spent  
Could equal the dread of all dreads he would find,  
    If ever he floated against the "sea-serpent."

    He heard a poor skate  
    Lamenting her fate,  
    And sadly relate

That her husband, she heard, was given to trailing  
After a creature they call a Miss Grayling;  
And another vile wretch—a common An-chovy—  
Kept sneaking about to entrap her “old covey.”

Had famed Justice Wilde been a child of the  
ocean,

Amongst all the fish there'd have been a com-  
motion;

For Peter Carew felt himself much astonished  
To find that “loose fish” should indeed be  
admonished,

And also to see that a charm or love philter  
Can act on a spawner as well as a milter.

It's folly to think,  
Howe'er we may wink,  
That fish of the sea  
Cannot equally see

As well as ourselves any cool dereliction,  
Or feel the affliction  
Of fondest affection

So often bestowed in another direction.

If the said Justice Wilde, with his usual precision,  
Would only pop down and just give his decision.

I'm certain the fish would be dancing with glee ;  
For in fits of dejection  
They'd feel no objection  
To tickle each other with law costs and fee.

He fancied he saw  
A lobster and crab  
Disputing while picking  
A poor little dab ;  
The strife ran so fore  
They both got a licking  
(The combat was almost "a draw") ;  
But the crab did aspire,  
In the heat of his ire,  
To tear from the lobster a claw,  
Which he stuck to, and bore  
Triumphantly off with the greatest *éclat*.\*

He saw the old fish, like mortals on earth  
When they grew up in age, got well up in girth ;  
And tho' many a storm arose on the ocean,  
'Twas as quiet below as most folks at devotion.

---

\* Walker pronounces it *e-klaw* ; I therefore take him as a convenient authority for the rhyme.

'Twas strange he escaped from the jaws of a  
shark ;

And a "bottle-nose whale "

With a flap of his tail

Threw Peter into a quandary ;

But being asleep he was safe in the dark,

Tho' prying "the realms of fairy."\*

He saw oysters and prawns,

Sword-fish, with long horns,

With herrings and codfish,

And some that looked "odd fish ;"

John O'Dories—good stuff—

Whales well up in puff,

"Periwinkle and shrimp,"

With the poor skate they crimp,

And plenty of salmon—

Tho' fishmongers gammon

To keep up the price

Because it's so nice ;

But I cannot name all of the nautical crew

Which passed in his sight like "a splendid review."

---

\* "Don Juan."

There's one thing he missed—'twould have been  
a great treat

To see "Father Neptune" enthroned on his seat,  
With his horses, and also his trident in hand,  
And the fair "Amphitrite," his Queen, in command ;

But from what Peter heard, he had started away  
On a "tour of inspection" to Botany Bay.

What he mostly approved of, and saw well  
displayed,

Was the figure and face of a lovely mermaid,  
As she sat in a cavern of crystal and coral  
Surrounded by sea-weeds, aquatic and floral.  
Had her eyes shone on earth like the famed Basilisk,  
He'd have run, he'd have swum, and encounter'd  
the risk :

Galvani and Volta could not shoot a battery  
Of love as he would do—without any flattery.

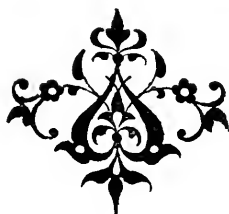
I think we'll drop the curtain now,  
For fear a frown would not allow ;  
But—Query : How is Peter's brow ?  
He got as drunk as "David's fow."



Lift, my good friends, my true upholders,  
He shook the "Old Man" from his shoulders.\*  
In the morn, when the fumes of the wine had  
    abated,  
He awoke from his "horrible dream" quite elated,  
Altho' he imagined he'd been all the night  
Subdued by the ocean, and in a wet plight;  
    He felt no regret  
    To feel himself dry,  
    And thought "heavy wet"  
    The best thing to try.

---

\* "Arabian Nights—Sinbad."







## YOUNG LAMBS TO SELL.

**I**N the heyday of youth, when I was a  
boy,  
I ne'er shall forget how my heart beat  
with joy,  
When my dearest Aunt Jenny  
From her purse took a penny,  
And said—"You shall have a most innocent toy;"

For mind and observe,  
Her auricular nerve  
Caught loud as it fell  
That old-fashioned knell  
Of "Young lambs to sell!  
"If I'd as much money as I could tell," &c.

The toy having bought,  
My dear aunt I fought,

When with kifs and carefs  
She exclaimed—"Heaven blefs  
"And make you, dear Tommy, a good little child,  
"Like the lamb in its manners, fo meek and fo  
"mild;  
"May you ne'er go aſtray, or ever turn wild."

Such were the dreams of my youth;  
But ſince I've grown up, forſooth!  
I find my aunt told an untruth.

Whene'er in the meadows by chance you are  
rambling,  
You'll find that young lambs are devoted to  
"gamb'ling;"  
"*They lay* on the turf," and with "blacklegs"  
affociate!  
Could you ever ſpeak worfe of any young  
profligate?  
Yet ſuch is the life of an innocent lamb,  
And when mamma dies "he is not worth a dam."



## A SEA-SIDE REVERIE.

**U**PON the shore where breakers roll,  
Fulfilling their eternal goal,  
A female stood with accents mute,  
As if borne down with grief acute.  
She from her warm and humble bed—  
Though by her side another slept—  
With step most stealthily had crept,  
To come that night in fear and dread;  
For as she ran towards the tide,  
She seemed intent on suicide.  
The vital streams within her breast,  
Like the rough sea, could gain no rest:  
She gazed most eager and intent on  
The sea, to find the drift 'twas bent on;  
For she'd a doubt upon her mind,  
To her of a distressing kind.

Her anxious heart would feel elate,  
Instead of feeling now distressed,  
Should in the night the storm abate—  
Her fondest wishes would be blessed;  
But now the furge appeared appalling—  
“A fisherman” her husband’s calling.

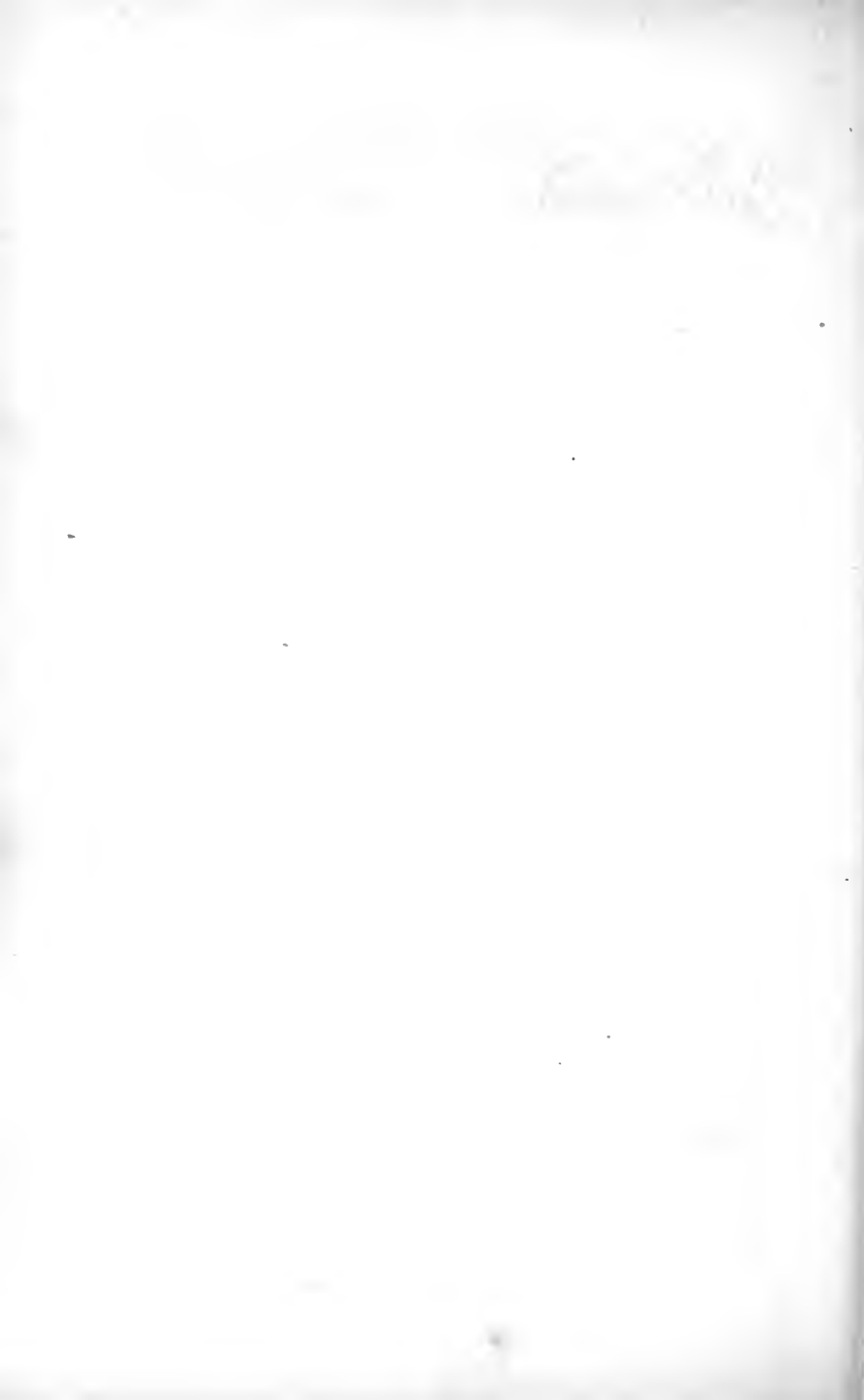
The Lady Goldpurse had come down  
To rusticate in their small village;  
’Twas much too little for a town,  
And more for pasturage than tillage.  
There she possessed a country seat,  
With lawns and plants arranged so neat;  
And came before the leaves got fear,  
At that delightful time of year  
When nature smells divinely sweet.

The Lady Goldpurse liked a relish,  
Her breakfast-table to embellish;  
And all the niceties in season  
She had—of course, in common reason.  
Tho’ in the winter she liked fawns,  
In summer she indulged in prawns;  
And for the first and finest dish  
Of this most sweet crustaceous fish,

She always gave a handsome prize,  
Combining quality with size.

This kept the fishwife all night waking,  
Not for her husband's safety quaking ;  
For he was snug at home and snoring,  
Unmindful of the billows roaring,  
While she was wishing in the early morn,  
The sea so smooth that he might go to "prawn."  
That's why that female stood aghast at night,  
Watching the sea with such intense affright.









## THE FLAT IRON.

A LEGEND OF ST. GILES'S.

*Dedicated to My Uncle.*

**T**HERE are peculiar ways of doing trade,  
And out of trade we know that  
money's made ;  
Like lively maggots crawling in a bowl,  
We live upon each other heart and soul.  
But what the abstract of such sweets may be  
Requires judgment and great nicety ;  
For few with capital know where to fix  
Their habitation, ere they "cut their sticks,"  
Finding the thing don't answer ; then another  
Pays for "goodwill" without the slightest bother,  
Thinking the trade's established ; and what then ?  
Before a year has passed he cries—"Amen !"

Yet some can live where others would be starving,  
By what is called the happy knack of carving.  
I'll try if I can illustrate a point,  
By one whose brain was not thought out of  
joint.

A man whose "fign" was "two to one"—  
"Three golden balls," bright like the fun—  
Was well aware of one great fact,  
That out of little much is done,  
And if you multiply the act,  
Into a large amount 'twill run.  
Among the customers who came  
To pledge their trifles at his shop,  
Was one poor foul—one Betty Tame—  
Who on the Saturday would pop  
An old "Flat Iron," and the same  
She always took again from pawn  
The first thing on the Monday morn.

Now "Spout" considered in himself,  
"This is the way to make the pelf—  
"A monthly interest for a day  
"Must be the fort of thing to pay ;

“ And every week, too, a new ticket—

“ A halfpenny more—that’s how I nick it.”

So things went on, until of late

She came not to oppignorate.

“ Spout ” thought of her with great regret,

Until one day he met old Bet,

And stepping up to her most eager—

Just as he was, an old intriguer—

Exclaimed, “ God blefs me! how d’ye do?

“ Who would have thought of seeing you!

“ I’ve often wondered what has been

“ The reason I have never seen

“ You at my shop of late ; but still,

“ I hope that you have not been ill,

“ Although you look a little pale.

“ What fay you, Betty, to some ale?

“ ’Twill cheer your heart and warm your blood,

“ And p’rhaps do you ‘ a world of good.’ ”

“ Oh ! Sir—indeed, the truth to tell,

“ I’d call as I have done for years,

“ But that an accident befell—

(Here Betty’s eyes were dimmed with tears)—

“The poor ‘Flat Iron,’ which I had  
“So many years, at last got bad,  
“And—true a word as e’er I spoke—  
“Fell from my careless hand—and broke.”

“Oh! Betty, don’t let that cause sorrow,  
“But come into my shop to-morrow,  
“And, out of old acquaintance’ sake,  
“With pleasure from my stock I’ll take  
“An iron that is spick-span new,  
“And as an off’ring make to you.”

They parted with a mutual feeling,  
Old “Covetous” his thoughts concealing,  
And Betty with a grateful heart  
To think she’d got another start.

As use becomes a second nature,  
So fared it with the poor old creature;  
The same old game she used to play  
Commenced again next Saturday.  
From then, and ever after that,  
The iron, which they name “The Flat,”  
Produced its value o’er and o’er,  
Enough to buy a bumping score.

## MORAL.

Lay well your bait to catch the fish,  
As old "Spout" did, to gain his wish;  
And thus you'll find that a false kindness  
Is often swallowed up in blindness.





# SAINT CRISPIN.

THE

TITULAR SAINT OF SHOEMAKERS







## SAINT CRISPIN.

THE TITULAR SAINT OF SHOEMAKERS.

**I**'VE heard of a thread—"the thread of  
a theme,"

And also of thread they use in a seam ;  
But one's for a poet, the next for a tailor,  
And "long yarn's" the usual thread of a failor.  
Ariadne the fair, by the clue of a thread,  
From the Lab'rinth her Theseus most cunningly  
led.\*

The daughters of Nox† spin the thread of our  
life ;

And a god once spun thread for the sake of a  
wife.‡

Penelope's web was a thready display,  
Undoing at night what she did in the day :  
She kept all her troublesome suitors at bay.

---

\* Minotaur.

† The Fates.

‡ Omphale.

But my proper thread a "Wax-end" shall be,  
As more in consistence with "cobblery."  
So spin away now, my merry "Wax-end,"  
In an ambling pace my wishes befriend;  
If anything knotty should run in the vein,  
Be careful, and don't let's entangle the skein.

Bibo Bibere mended shoes,  
His pious wife attended pews,  
To sweep, to clean, and make them tidy,  
Ready for Sunday or for Friday,  
And singing-days when they rehearse,  
But Friday suits me in the verse.

Whene'er you write a word,  
No matter how you time it,  
To alter looks absurd,  
As if you couldn't rhyme it.

While the priest was preaching at church,  
Where sinners are taught the things they should do,  
And especially those they ought to eschew,  
Bibo upon his usual perch,  
Tho' not given to pray  
At that time of day,  
Was mending the "soles" of a different crew.

Of jobs on hand he always had  
 A specimen of good and bad,  
 And when folks brought a well-worn shoe  
 He'd see how much there was to do ;  
 His time and price would then accord ;  
 But if he found the cash they'd hoard,        }  
 And say they couldn't much afford,  
 He didn't say he wouldn't do it :  
 Instead of stitching he would glue it ;  
 And by example let them find  
 It's better not a snob to grind.

His wife was a Catholic woman ;  
 She had also a heavenly nose ;  
 But as far as that goes,  
 You're not led to suppose  
 Her nose was by any means Roman ;  
 Its heavenly tendency turned to the skies—

*Retrouffé,*

As the French would say—  
 And divided a pair of lovely blue eyes.  
 Her complexion was fair, with nut-brown hair,  
 And pearly teeth, with which few could com-  
 pare ;

Such a sweet pretty mouth, with a curl to the lip,  
Which greatly subdued the nose at the tip.

Her figure was neither short nor tall,  
But a medium proportion between the two—  
Its gen'ral contour handsome you'd call—  
With a very small foot, and on it a shoe,  
With half a glance there could be no mistake  
But that it was one of Bibbo's "best make."

There's a lott'ry in life in choosing a wife,  
Midst the chances and ways of the doing ;  
For you'll find, tho' you're rife,  
There may yet be some strife  
In the method of cooing and wooing ;  
For men are like cherries, the finest and best  
Are always henpecked—no one cares for the  
rest.

In searching for bliss  
May you meet with a Miss—  
—fortune—divided in half like my lines  
(Forgive me for sev'ring the two I suggest):  
In the eyes of the world it most surely opines  
A much better chance if you wish to be blest ;

For when you've a Mifs with fortune attached,  
"Golden dreams"—"golden eggs"—are fure to  
be hatched.

When preffed for a rhyme, it's a good way by  
"split—  
—ting hairs"—or p'rhaps words, for it feems it's  
admit—  
—ted—"poetical targets"—the bull's-eye to hit,  
Like a bul-let it flies with abundance of wit.

"Variety is charming," but our wives  
Don't feem to entertain the fame opinion ;  
They rather think that fhe who beft contrives  
Should o'er the houfehold hold the great  
dominion ;  
And by a fond perfuafion, not by force,  
Prove "the grey mare to be the better horfe."

Or read us curtain lectures when we ftand  
Beside the fanctity of her bed-post,  
Expecting questions answered quite off-hand,  
While we're personifying "Pepper's ghost ;"  
And whilst our purfes have the power to flow,  
Declare that "money makes the mare to go."

If I could bait my pen  
As filhermen do hooks,  
Perchance there might be men  
Who'd patronise my books ;  
And tho' my lines may be  
Composed of diff'rent thread,  
I only hope to see  
Their chance of being read.  
However, on I go,  
Regardless as to that—  
I'm not the first below  
Who's given out the "sprat,"  
Without at all inferring  
That I shall "catch the herring."

I know not if the world has grown sedate,  
And entered into a more serious state ;  
But sadly, solemnly do I relate,  
That risibility is out of date.

Unless by chance we meet a giggling maid,  
The elder ones appear demure and staid ;  
And some don't laugh because their teeth are said  
To be imperfect when they are displayed.

But "laughter" certainly did once abound ;  
However slight the thought on which 'twas ground,  
Its merry, happy peals, would oft resound,  
Whene'er some sterling wit or jest was found.

In these hard days of thought and enterprise,  
Each one upon his energy relies,  
And half the pleasures of the world denies—  
With some from need, others to aggrandize.

But in the present day and present tense,  
Hilarity is not thought common sense ;  
To laugh aloud is reckoned an offence,  
And favours much of verdant innocence.

"Laugh and grow fat" was said to parties thin ;  
"A jolly laugh," and not a puny grin,  
To curb the ebullition felt within ;  
But now 'tis only "Let those laugh that win."

Obesity's not pleasant, and one "Banting"  
Composed a work, upon that theme descanting,  
To put an end to all asthmatic panting,  
And modify a weasy actor's ranting.

His screws upon the feelings quite confound  
one :

A hearty "Ha ! ha !" really would astound one.  
Take any lengthy march, and I'll be bound one  
Has scarce been met that felt inclined to found  
one.

I'm delighted to find the world's getting better :  
Altho' I'd give vent, still I feel there's a fetter  
To curb every thought that would "kick over  
traces."

"I'll sing humble pie," for fear that some faces  
Might draw a "long mug" with a "nut-cracker  
chin,"

As they purse up their mouth, and exclaim, "Oh !  
what sin,"

That in these days of grace

Any one should misplace

A word with a doubt, which would make a foul  
ponder,

And find, after all, it is *double entendre*.

Had the great Rabelais

Been alive at this day,

He'd have found himself muzzled and little to say ;



Like the poor canine tribe, he'd have found a  
prevention

Put over his caput to stop the intention.

O Lights of the Past ! where is Swift ? where is  
Sterne ?

And the "great Alexander"—I mean little Pope:  
Tho' your body was crooked your mind had a scope,  
That, while language shall last,  
You can ne'er be o'ercast,

But your eloquence radiant eternally burn ;

But if your "shade" should meet me—say to-night—

I'd tell you one thing—which was not polite—

For which you're blamed, and I'll not take your  
part ;

But 'tis reported you did falsely say,

To trusting husbands' and their wives' dismay,

"That ev'ry woman is a rake at heart ;"

And then that greater libel you let fall—

"Most women have no characters at all."

Until we meet the subject must remain

For ev'ry man and wife to quibble over ;

And you of course the secret will retain,

Since you're the only man who could discover

This "bitter pill" for ev'ry faithful lover.

But as your mind farcaftically waged,  
We cannot wonder that sometimes, enraged,  
You'd "fpit your fpite" upon "the weaker veffel,"  
And form a "Tartar" for poor man to wrestle—  
An unexpected one for him to "catch"—  
And prove a "lord of the creation's" match.  
But as you probably were never wed,  
I think 'twas spleen by which your brain was led,  
To raife up doubts upon our marriage beds,  
And fet both men and wives at "loggerheads."

Cafeley has ftudied "The Rape of the Lock,"  
And help'd himfelf well to the jeweller's ftock;  
But his fkill would have been on the wrong "fide  
of Jordan,"

If the fafe had been made by the famed Samfon  
Mordan.

Talking of Samfon recalls to my mind  
A chapter I fancy in Judges you'll find,  
Where Delilah (whose conduct all modefty fhocks).  
Found Samfon's "fafeguard" was contained in  
his "locks."

This is a fact I've derived from the Bible,  
And inferting it here gives no action for libel.

Bibo, 'twas reported, was "up to snuff,"  
But not for his nose—he preferred a puff  
Of tasty tobacco by way of a smoke ;  
He could sing a good song, and crack a good  
    joke,  
And a fly bit of fun at his neighbours poke.  
Sometimes, irascible, he'd in a storm  
Of indignation speak about the "Rights  
"Of Man," and then about a "Great Reform"  
Some people look upon as only blights ;  
But "Universal Suffrage" will some day  
Proclaim the "Age of Reason" bears the sway.

If any of them "came it strong,"  
Or drew "the bow that's christened long,"  
To act on his credulity ;  
It always was a rule that he  
    Would never say they lied ;  
But put his thumb unto his nose,  
If in his mind a doubt arose,  
    And spread his fingers wide.  
To put your thumb unto your nose,  
    And then suppose

Your little finger an extender,  
 Merely means—"To take a fight"—  
 "Over the left"—"Over the bender"—  
 Nearly synonymous, or quite,  
 Translated in a vulgar light;  
 Tho' not uncivil  
 An act—I've as much right to handle too  
 As any one—"to hold the candle to  
 Old Nick, the Devil."

Of beer he ne'er cried "*Jam satis*"\*—enough,  
 Or the other oration,  
 Or rather quotation,  
 When he took a potation—  
 I mean what the doctors call "*quantum suff.*"  
 I'm writing now of beer,  
 Tho' Horace wrote of snow;  
 But mine's the better cheer—  
 At least I'm thinking so.

By Horace and snow I will not be outdone;  
 But open my portholes and run out a gun,  
 Or else have a tilt, for the sake of mere fun.

---

\* Horace, Ode 2, vol. i.

Presto ! I've got it in a trice ;  
 Instead of snow, I'll take to ice—  
 In summer-time it's very nice.  
 So listen to a friend's advice—  
 In fact you'd better note it  
 Precisely as I quote it :—

When thirst is great and appetite tiny,  
 Don't drink hot grog—try "*frigidum sine*."

'Twas all Greek to him about Sardanapalus,  
 Yet he ran like a man, "flap bang," to an alehouse.

One went for a rhyme ;  
 The other would chime,

When he found the beer bad, " ' Odds bodkins,'  
 your ale is

" As rank as a fox-glove (verse says digitalis) ;

" 'Twill poison us all, and no doubt entail us

" A nameless retreat—not a treat to regale us."

Tautology blushes at Sardanapalus.

Supposing he knew not, as many do not,

The root of a verb, because he forgot ;

As a rapier gets dull when laid in a scabbard,

Though once 'twould have punctured the shell of  
 a crab hard,

Yet being good steel, tho' it's covered with rust,  
The weapon is there, if you open the crust.

Meet with a fool with money in his purse,  
Altho' his mind's not worth a "tinker's curse,"  
If he's furrounded by a sponging crew,  
Clap on your hat and bid them all adieu;  
For if you stay the chances are you'll rue,  
And have occasion to cry out "*par Dieu.*"  
If any controversy should arise—  
Altho' your argument may be correct,  
Back'd by good sense, and offered with respect—  
You'll find too late, and with displeased surprise,  
Because you differ, tho' you're in the right,  
Still they'll proclaim and tell you you are  
wrong,  
To please the poor demented, brainless wight;  
And what he chants they echo to his song,  
Just like a lot of silly donkeys braying,  
Confounding ev'ry word that you'd be saying,  
And by their brutal force of lungs revealing  
That where no sense is given, there's no feeling.

Old poets used to make a verse  
Upon their "loves" expatiating,  
And in long lines, too, would rehearse  
Their tortures most excruciating.

Fancy making verses now,  
Or to compose a sonnet,  
"Unto my mistress' eyebrow,"  
And all the hairs upon it.

Those days are gone by—  
It's no use to try ;  
The world's getting fly to new dodges  
Since gunpowder-treason ;  
With common sense—reason—  
All our fires are put out by "Hodges."  
There's the "Prince of the land,"  
With a "Duke" close at hand,  
Who make it a source of employment ;  
If your house catches fire,  
It's their greatest desire  
To give you their time as enjoyment.  
Then drink we success  
To the cause they care for ;

May they ne'er meet distrefs,  
Nor their "shadows grow less!"

'Tis jolly to live and enjoy oneself;  
'Tis jolly to do what we like with our pelf—  
That is, presuming a man is not hard up;  
In that case 'tis useless the pocket to guard up:  
But Bibo, tho' not an extravagant fellow,  
Without money found it at least inconvenient  
When he liked to go out and make himself  
mellow,  
And often wished Fortune a little more lenient.  
Bibo was thirsty, and, wanting some beer,  
He felt in his pocket with something like fear;  
For, tho' in that pocket at times a believer,  
Occasions occurred when it proved a deceiver.  
He fought from the top to the bottom of it,  
But could not find even a "threepenny bit."  
With a look of dismay and desperate gripe,  
He clutched the remains of a short broken pipe;  
And then with a vengeance he swore by St. Jago,  
As if his poor back had a touch of lumbago.

Oh! poor Bo Bibere,  
There's no relief;



You're "come to grief,"  
And in a sad state of misery ;  
Not even a pipe, that chief of consolers,  
Admitted by all who are jolly cheek jowlers.

Oh ! sacred place, where single friars,  
By being taught to curb desires,  
And mortifying all that's evil,  
Escape the clutches of the Devil ;  
When in a Salamander dress  
They have the pow'r to curse or bless,  
And ever ready for confession  
(A vital point in their profession),  
Monk or friar, whate'er their grade is,  
Are always ready for the ladies.

Women, women ! is it treason  
To ask you to explain the reason,  
And tell us why your souls appear  
Than ours to priests so much more dear ?

Confession ! wondrous pow'r ! which first spreads  
like a veil  
Of gauze, but soon becomes as hard as adamant.  
Once let its subtle influence o'er the mind prevail,  
And then resistance's lost for ever to recant.

Gone! hopelefs! gone! the precious liberty of  
life,  
Producing grief and torture to the haplefs wife.

And thou, poor husband of that wife divorced  
In all but name! Her mind, that noble part  
Which once was all thine own, is now enforced  
By one who knows the secrets of her heart  
Far better than in all thy dreams of love  
Thou hadst the capability to prove :  
Her body still is left at thy control,  
But he ufurps the empire of her foul.

Pray do the nuns whose intermural lives  
Deprive them of the chance of being wives,  
And monks who both in folitude and fingle,  
Ne'er with the nuns in converfation mingle?  
Are thofe foft, tender feelings, which the heart  
Can no more difannul than bid depart,  
Left blank for ever by a life austere,  
Denying all the outer world holds dear?  
If fo, 'tis ftrange how they can live content  
Without the great enchantment Nature fent;

Immured in living tombs, those great sarcophagi\*  
Consuming human flesh like Anthropophagi.

While we're with daily cares oppress'd,  
Are we to think those maids at rest?  
God help their souls! I hope they're blest,  
And yet I cannot see it:

Altho' in sombre clothes they're dress'd,  
And after they are all confess'd,  
Their innate feelings they'd invest  
As Nature's laws decree it.

"If wishing and the crime are one," †  
There must be something wicked done  
Either by tacit thought or act:

What pow'r have they to help it?  
I know not how may stand the fact,  
Or what they do to counteract,  
Whatever we may yelp it;  
For well we know that human nature  
At certain ages must be mature;

---

\* Peculiar stones of which coffins were anciently made, and so called because they quickly consume the flesh.

† Little's Poems.

And is it really a religious zeal

These monks and friars in their conscience feel  
While gazing on such scenes of lovely delectation?  
Or do they leave the nuns to pine with sheer  
vexation?

'Tis strange, but true, when Time, which levels  
all,

And nunn'ries crumble to their last foundations,  
That workmen, when they have to overhaul  
Those ruins, find amidst their excavations  
Hundreds of infants' skeletons—each bone  
A proof that nuns don't always live alone.\*

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\* FOREIGN CONVENTS.—“In 1829, at Charenton-sur-Seine, near Paris, I was engaged on the works of Manby and Wilson, under Mr. Holroyd, the engineer of the works, when, time after time, large numbers of infant skeletons were discovered in all parts of the premises, which I believe had been a convent of a very strict order of nuns. At first we did not take much notice of the circumstance; but when the attention of Mr. Holroyd and Mr. Armstrong was called to the singular affair, we were directed to count the remains; and from that day we counted, and placed to one side, no less than 387 entire skeletons of infants. We took no account of parts of skeletons, which, if they had been all put together, would have far outnumbered the entire ones which were counted. I speak far within bounds when I say that there were found not fewer

Some think it right to call a priest a "Father,"  
 But the paternity I would deny,  
 Unless it's meant to be a sign or token,  
 "For oft a true word may in jest be spoken."  
 I hate hypocrisy! and I would rather  
 Bequeath a curse to my own progeny,  
 Than they should fall into the trap that's set  
 By Rome to catch them in its fatal net.

We little know the pranks of Romish friars,  
 The where, and how, they gratify desires;  
 To keep them chaste (altho' the case is hard),  
 I'd have them all like Peter Abelard.  
 "Truth, like the radiant sweets of virgin-  
     bees,"\*

In the same foil admits of no degrees;  
 Tho' my capacity to reach the goal  
 Be weak, yet strong's the purpose of my soul.

than the remains of 800 children; and there was not a single bone of an adult person among them. The Mayor came to the premises, and had the bones placed in boxes, and privately buried in the cemetery; and orders were given to hush up the affair."—*Copy from "The Daily Telegraph."*

\* Struan.

Young priests and nuns just ent'ring into life,  
    Pause! ere ye cross the threshold of your doom;  
Nobly attempt the world's capricious strife  
    Than yield your lives to misery and gloom,  
Left, taught by wicked doctrines to forego  
    The laws ordained by Nature to fulfil,  
You make religion but a raree-show,  
    Gainful alone to those who would instil  
That what they say is right; and Nature wrong,  
    That you may join their foul fallacious throng.  
Seductive are the meshes that are woven  
    To lure the senses with their blandishment:  
The splendid robes which cover something "cloven,"  
    Like panoplies which few can penetrate;  
With mummeries that are outlandish, sent  
    As baits to tempt the victims to their fate;  
The mellow'd lights, and all the gorgeous trappings,  
As hollow as the faith in "spirit rappings;"  
The solemn choir, where blend the dulcet strains,  
To thrill the heart and melt the softest brains;  
With all those scenic, masterly achievements,  
Producing in our homes those sad bereavements,  
And causing pangs in parents' breasts, devoid  
Of daughters surreptitiously decoyed—

These are the agencies so freely given  
To blind the mind and lead astray from heaven.  
But in the depth, the centre of the whole  
(Like that famed apple on the Dead Sea shore—  
So fair without ; like ashes to its core),  
Instead of leading to a pious goal,  
'Twould warp the heart and paralyze the soul.

Great are the symbols which our God has given  
To elevate the mind—*direct* to heaven ;  
And men with sense feel nerveless to refute  
Examples taught them by th' inferior brute.  
The smallest insect that we tread on earth  
Bears in it evidence of wondrous birth ;  
And with intricate mechanism vies  
With other forms, tho' multiplied in size.  
Swift on the wing the piebald swallow flies,  
Rejoicing in the warmth of summer skies  
(That welcome harbinger of coming spring).  
Whence is the instinct ? or what gift supplies  
That guiding star—that inborn power—to bring  
From Afric's coast the little wand'rer back,  
True in its course, without a chart to track

Through weary leagues from that warm clime it  
leaves,

To seek its native home beneath our eaves ?

Nature's the page Omnipotence displays

To court inquiry in her secret ways ;

So fair a book ! where revelation beams

In one eternal blaze of endless streams—

Where Science grounds her work upon the laws

Of one unerring, one Almighty cause ;

And tho' we seek in diff'rent ways to show

Our gratitude for gifts that daily flow,

Dear on the record of our hearts should be

That liberality of mind, to see

That each possessing reason may enjoy

His own religion without false alloy ;

But where usurping on another's right,

The whole becomes a curse—a deadly blight.

Show me the creed enlightenment can blend

Propitious in its course to reach the end :

There would I be a worshipper in heart,

Till death proclaimed the moment to depart.

I see around a poor illit'rate race,

Scarce one remove from instinct-foul disgrace ;



Ask their religion, and they only say  
That absolution takes their sins away.

Ablution's better than an absolution ;  
And " aqua pura " saves us from pollution ;  
Tho' 'tis not holy by a priestly blessing  
To my poor mind *that* never is distressing ;  
But I thank Nature, who in kindness gave  
So pure an element for us to lave ;  
Since " cleanliness is next to godliness,"  
We cannot but the salient truth confess,  
That he who's fond of taking a lavation  
Must be upon the high road of salvation.  
If we but knew that death would settle all,  
The punishment of sins would ne'er appal ;  
Then might some vices oft the senses tempt,  
Reliant on the thought " from wrong exempt."  
But conscience curbs us when we would commence  
Aught that would turn the scale of common sense ;  
And, tho' beyond the pow'r of human scope,  
Our reason justifies us in the hope  
Of changes yet to come—when we shall be  
Called to our mother earth by death's decree.

I'm very fond of what is called digressing,  
Although the time we take may be but brief;  
It gives a man more freedom in expressing;  
And changing subjects is a great relief.  
But yet the theme which my "Wax-end" is bent  
on  
You'll find he's not forgotten, but intent on.

Oh! poor benighted creatures, like a flock  
Of sheep! The wily father's laughing-stock!  
He ne'er could thrive unless the Devil's hand  
Propped up his throne to curse Italia's land,  
And would intrude, by his false "right divine,"  
Upon our shores, because we are supine.  
Truth needs no mask—a fact's a stubborn thing,  
Loud may the tocsin through the country ring.  
"Up, guards! and at them!" ere the upas tree  
Sprouts out its leaves, to poison all that's free.

I've often wondered why an Oxford parson  
Will leave his creed as if accused of arson;  
And, after having made our Church so hot,  
He then departs to Rome to "boil his pot."

There must be certain mysteries  
Beyond the ken of outward eyes—


Some fountain, spring, or under-current,  
Some deep, some underground event,  
Bad at the best, and still abhorrent.

I own like others I've a predilection  
To write a curse or dreadful malediction ;  
And Brother Ignatius,  
At Bristol, good gracious !  
Attempted another which seems quite audacious ;  
The thing is absurd and put down as fallacious,  
Excepting with monks who are always rapacious.  
I'd write a curse, if I'd the tools to work ;  
I'll name those tools—see how I make a quirk.

Had I a raw stick  
Of lunar caustic  
By way of a pen,  
I'd do it then.  
With a dip of acetic  
To act as emetic,  
I'd make it splenetic  
And rather prophetic,  
Each word should fall  
“ Bitter as gall.”

Think of the “ Inquisition,”  
Once in great requisition—

The tackles  
And fhackles,  
The gyves and the pains,  
The dungeons and chains,  
With all forts of teafers  
Like pliers and tweezers,  
To pull out the nails.  
Humanity quails,  
And language half fails  
To depict all the doings  
When they brought frames to ruins.  
Remember the "rack,"  
How it made the limbs crack,  
With thumb-screws and all the fad parapher-  
nalia,  
Concocted to make up the hellifh regalia.  
How they all felt delighted  
When the faggots ignited,  
And the doomed heretics  
Were burnt up like bricks ;  
Each one called a gentile  
They'd roaft like a pantile,  
With fire and fulphur  
That made them all gulp ah !



While the stench of the bodies, as reeking it  
rofe,

Was the finest of scent to the Catholic nose.

How they glutted and boasted

As the poor creatures roasted !

When King Ferdinand \*

(The Pope his right hand)

Thought proper and fit

To call Holy Writ

As a justification and mystical part

Of the teachings the fanatics learnt so by heart,

By which they deluded their ignorant state,

And trembled for fear they might share the same  
fate.

Still, without any acid,

I'll not become placid,

But will "pitch ahead" rapid,

Leaving out all the vapid ;

For in thee, dear "Wax-end," I've reliance and  
hope ;

I'll spin and enlarge thee—I'll make thee a rope.

---

\* The Spanish Inquisition, first erected by King Ferdinand  
and the Pope.

By-the-bye, dear "Wax-end,"  
Why did we ne'er attend  
To tie up the brothers they call Davenport?  
If they only had us,  
With their humbug and fufs,  
They would find all their sport  
Would be briefly cut short;  
We'd bind them so tightly, so knotty and  
"taut,"  
That profaneness itself and aught preternat'ral  
Would be spiritless, wriggling about on the  
lateral.

There are great secrets we shall never know,  
Unless we graduate as priests, and go  
To "Tiber's City," and then kiss the toe  
Of Pio—alias him they call Nono;—  
But God forbid we ever should do so,  
Let's understand the word to mean—no! no!  
If any priest should e'er essay to try us,  
I hope he'll find that we are not "Pope pious,"  
Tho' he may fit and bluster bulls and thunder—  
They'll end in smoke, like any "nine days'  
wonder."

We hear of strange things with the Lawns and  
the Ermines,  
Tho' high their position, yet good sense determines  
That a wrong cannot be a right man in the place  
Concerning the welfare and laws of our race ;—  
A decision there may be in matters terrestrial,  
But I think not in those which we call the celestial.  
Dame Nature's laid down as a maxim most kind,  
That each different head has a different mind ;  
It may be the reason so seldom we find  
That two of a trade can in unity bind.

I can't understand why the Bishop of Natal,  
When tried by some heads, who declare it is fatal  
(As they sit in conclave and say it's quite wrong)  
That a blackbird should dare to chant his own  
song.

By all that is good—by the Great Pow'r that gave  
us

A reason to think and to act for the best—  
Should two or three brains claim the great right  
to save us,  
And ignore all the sense that's bestowed on the  
rest ?

If I were a judge on such delicate ground  
(Tho' arguments trite may be easily found),  
To another man's dictum I'd ne'er be a minion,  
But would let ev'ry man still enjoy his opinion.  
Remember "Quot homines, tot sententiæ ;"  
To believe not's a species of magnæ dementiæ :  
This subject has bother'd the minds of all men so ;  
Yet who knows who's right in the case of  
Colenso ?

Revere as we may do "The Thirty-nine Articles,"  
Still, errors there may be, in some of the particles ;  
They are but decisions of poor frail humanity,  
And thought mostly of for the sake of urbanity ;  
If any subscribe without raising objections  
They can't complain after of any deceptions,  
However in time they may form new conceptions—  
As a man who attaches his name to a bill,  
For good or for ill, he is bound to it still ;  
Or when a man's fixed in a tight pair of boots,  
He feels most acutely the corn when it shoots.

It's well to enlighten our minds with the fact  
That as parsons do preach they don't always act ;



Tho' some may be pious, there're others I think  
Who are tarr'd with a different sort of a link ;  
From time immemorial we know it's no sin  
Believing that monks fortify well within ;  
And every dainty this world can afford  
Is fure to be found nicely spread on their board—  
Or how can it be that those vile flagellations,\*  
With penances, fafts, and all rough castigations,  
Can ever be looked at as mere delectations.

The wear and the tear  
The body must bear  
Requires at least a generous fare.

No one can deny  
There must be a demand,  
And then a supply,  
From the fat of the land.  
By this it would seem

That water-gruel  
Is not the fuel  
“To get up their steam.”  
We are led to opine

---

\* Flagellants, a fraternity in the Thirteenth century, who preferred whipping to martyrdom, and held that scourging one another was the chief virtue in Christianity.

How happy they dine,  
And drink away at the best of wine ;  
How they chuckle and laugh  
As their cups they quaff,  
And freely confess the refectory bell  
To the ears of a monk's a fav'rite knell.  
We very well know a flogging don't suit  
The back of a full able-bodied recruit ;  
The "cat-o'-nine-tails" is a penance too strong  
For humanity's laws, and can't be borne long :  
The monks doubtless used a more delicate thong.  
Were they ever yet known to go off in a swoon ?  
As the Yankees would say, "or as dead as a  
coon ?"  
Yet such with our soldiers is often the case—  
A stigma—a slur—a fiendish disgrace—  
A blot on the 'scutcheon of England's proud  
face.

We left Bibbo thinking  
Of pipes and of drinking ;  
And there he sat brewing  
Of what they were doing,  
And their "little game."

I forgot to mention,  
Altho' my intention,  
His public-house, "The Horse-Shoes" by name.  
Yes, that was the place where he felt so de-  
lighted;  
When unable to go, his prospects were blighted;  
At least for that night he would feel quite be-  
nighted,  
Tho' his Polly's sweet charms he never once  
flighted,  
So happy was he on the choice he'd alighted—  
So faithful and true to the vows he had plighted.  
Had another proposed, he'd have felt quite  
affrighted;  
Her love would be lost, or at least unrequited.

Now only to think that a paltry shilling  
Will make a man's throat quite pleasant and  
thrilling,  
While another will pay some pounds for a bottle  
For the very same purpose, to tickle his throttle.

It happen'd one day,  
While his wife was away,

Bibo threw down his awl  
And the "laft" that was on his knee ;  
He thought of his Poll,  
And wonder'd where ſhe could be :  
It was certainly time ſhe was home to tea ;  
For when he'd nothing elſe to ſup,  
He'd condeſcend to take a cup.  
The thirſty feeling which he had,  
And wanting money, made him fad.  
He thought his wife would not reſuſe  
Some caſh ſhe'd taken for the pews, }  
Given to her by thoſe who'd chooſe ;  
For he depended much upon her,  
And truſted greatly to her honour.  
Determined thus within his mind,  
His wife the next thing was to find.  
But the truth muſt be told,  
Tho' at home very bold,  
Father Roger had hinted  
The laſt time they met,  
He felt great regret  
To ſee that he ſquinted ;  
It being a fact, 'twas uſeleſs to parry it ;  
Bibo's head was ſo queer his legs couldn't carry it.

Now, my "Wax-end," for a little more thread ;  
I find I want more,  
My theme's getting sore,  
And I feel to approach it with dread.

As it was church cleaning day,  
Towards the church he took his way ;  
But what Roger said  
Came into his head :  
He'd a kind of dread ;  
And didn't much care  
To be seen just there ;  
So he crept most gently into the porch,  
When lo and behold ! he saw—a torch !

What means a light in the church to-night ?  
What can it be ?—has he lost his sight ?  
Are his senses gone ?—his hair is upright !  
His heart is funk  
Tho' not with funk :  
Two figures he sees,  
With bended knees.  
Yes ; there they are, by the side of a hassock !  
One appears to be wearing a cassock ;

And what to him is really astounding,  
He fancies he sees his own shoes rebounding—  
The identical pair—he'd swear—that they were  
On which he'd bestowed so very much care.  
Say, was it a dream? or was it a vision?  
He wondered, but couldn't achieve a decision.  
P'rhaps at the moment his eyesight was doubled,  
A habit with which at times he was troubled;  
Yet no, that could not be "the great reason why,"  
He only came out because he felt "dry;"  
Besides, the affair looked so lucid and nat'ral,  
The circumstance too—being two—was collat'ral.  
It seemed to be odd, though he was not quite  
certain,

In confession he thought there was always a curtain,  
Or some sort of wooden partition between them,  
But in this case there really was nothing to screen  
them.

There was his wife in open confession,  
P'rhaps rubbing off a former transgression;  
There was the Friar using every persuasion  
To do what he could upon such an occasion.  
By that I imply he was doing his best  
To teach the fair sinner the ways of the best;

Her het'rodox mind he had often affailed,  
But never till now had his precepts availed.

Poor Bibo, enraged while his heart forely fluttered,  
Boldly entered with feelings he'd ne'er felt before,  
And in accents of grief incoherently fluttered,  
"My Mary's no virgin for you to adore."

The priest in his dignity felt the indignity  
Quivering over his head if 'twere known

That this temporal act

Would be noted a fact,

And carry conviction with greatest malignity,  
If told to his father the Pope on the throne ;  
And having the power of speech he loquaciously  
Thought he could humble the cobbler at once ;  
But Bibo was nettled, and felt most pugnaciously  
That science which levels a scholar or dunce.

What did he think—what did he do ?

In the heat of his passion his Mary he flew ;  
He'd have killed the priest too, only he flew

Out of the reach of his arm.

The priest being more at home in the church,  
Bibo was very soon left in the lurch,

When lo and behold ! from out of the pulpit  
A voice issued forth with that Catholic charm,  
And thus it addressed the culprit :—

“ Bibo ! what will you do with your wife,  
“ Now you have cut the ‘ thread ’ of her life ?  
“ You’re sure to be hung if it’s mooted about,  
“ And it’s always said that ‘ murder will out.’  
“ On the Holy Church to bring such scandal  
“ Will never do ;

“ And a double crime would give a handle  
“ To Pagan and Jew.

“ To commit a murder on holy ground  
“ Is worse than the crime I’ve done ;  
“ So take my advice and ‘ let us compound,’  
“ In the vaults below a grave shall be found,  
“ We’ll deposit her there quite safe and sound,  
“ And the deed will be known to none.

“ But mind, if you dare

“ To breathe a word

“ Of what has occurred,

“ I most solemnly swear

“ I will not forbear

“ To bring you before the Mayor,

“ And will frankly declare



“ This murderous affair

“ That you did it there,

“ Which will make all the people stare.

“ You very well know

“ In the vault below

“ I shall then have the body to show ;

“ And all you can say

“ Will never have sway

“ Against a priest of my name.

“ A cobbler to ‘ boot ’

“ Against my ‘ suit ’

“ Would be but a losing game ;

“ And I fairly tell you, beyond any quest’on,

“ You’d not have the stump of a leg to rest on.

“ So take my advice and go out of this town ;

“ If you stop, it’s certain that ‘ you’ll be done  
brown.’

“ Go forth and seek another ;

“ Had there been but a screen,

“ That fight you’d ne’er seen

“ (I admit on my part it was very remiss ;

“ One ought to be careful in taking a kiss).

“ ‘ I must have been green ’

“ When I thought ‘ all serene ; ’

“ But henceforth I'll act as a brother.

“ We're both in a mess

“ All through that mess,

“ But it's no use to grieve for your wife ;

“ She's dead—it's now your struggle for life.

“ I've a great deal at stake

“ ‘ For King George's sake ’—

(No ; that's a mistake

I ought not to make.

He meant for the sake of the Church ; but then  
How came such an error to slip from my  
pen ?)—

“ Say but you'll be

“ A brother like me ;

“ I'll get you at once in a monast'ry.

“ For without any joking,

“ It's really provoking

“ To think your neck's in danger of choking.

“ We must stow you away

“ From the light of day ;

“ You'll have time for serious reflection ;

“ And all I can say—

“ You'll have time to pray,

“ Which will greatly ease your dejection.

“ I know a ‘retreat’—a fav’rite haunt—

“ A lovely spot by trees o’ershaded,

“ Where you can lay, and you can chant

“ ‘The light of other days is faded.’

“ It’s very well known

“ The Church holds her own,

“ No matter the crime you’ve committed ;

“ Go into her doors,

“ Go down on all fours,

“ And your sins shall then be remitted.”

Poor Bibbo felt that he was “going to pot ;”

No one could say—“Why, what a nerve he’d got.”

“ Discretion is the better part

“ Of valour,” we are taught by heart.

Besides, what could he better do

Than take a priest’s advice ?

Bibbo, in grief, began to rue

The hour when he was born ;

His feelings were not very nice ;

In fact, he felt forlorn.

That very same night,

Before morning’s light,

Bibo decided, and took to flight ;  
But where he went to  
Why nobody knew,  
Excepting Roger and Bibo too,  
Tho' nothing to do with the road he took,  
His name escaped from the hangman's book ;  
But had he been tried they'd have made a defence  
That it was not a crime "with malice prepense."  
I believe it's a case the law justifies,  
If done at the moment they're caught by surprise,  
The evidence standing before your own eyes.  
No matter, he got opportune from "a swing,"  
And saved all the quibbles the lawyers might  
bring.

There was great consternation  
With the whole population  
When Bibo and Mrs. were missed from the stall ;  
Some thought they had taken "a moonlight shift."  
But when it was found  
He owed not a pound—  
In fact, that he was not a bankrupt at all—  
They were lost to see through the drift.

Inquiries were made  
Among all the trade,  
But when ev'ry one said that nobody knew,  
It was voted by all that "the thing looked blue."

The "father" did not remain long at his post,  
He looked very ill, very much like a ghost;  
He might have gone off to try and repair  
His weak constitution by change of air,  
But in fulness of time "he cocked up his toes  
To the daifies"—a fact we're led to suppose,  
But where? to this time there's not any one  
knows.

With regard to affairs, it's as well to remark  
That, like a good priest, he kept all in the dark.

"Coroners' inquests" are excellent things,  
Tho' not introduced in the Romish societies.  
When they die, do they fly upwards with wings,  
And keep secret from all any foul improprieties?  
On matters like these they don't keep any diaries—  
It saves them a great many prying inquiries.

Be that as it may,  
At this time of day

Some know "what's o'clock," tho' they can't  
have a fay.

But there's nought we can trace of "Roger's  
remains ;"\*

If we could we should not be repaid for our pains.

Years passed away :  
An old man gray,  
The inmate of a cell,  
With pious look and brow serene,  
A tale of grief could tell.  
But there were none,  
Not even one, †  
Could dream what had befell ;  
Tho' oft the tear-drop might be seen  
By those who watched him well.

Known by his sanctity and grace,  
The poor all blessed that old man's face,  
For well they knew  
His friendship true :

---

\* Not Kirke White's "Remains," nor Rogers's "Pleasures of Memory."

† Roger defunct.

No one came there in vain to crave  
The consolation that he gave.

But tho' to others he'd impart  
A sympathy which gives relief,  
None knew he bore within his heart  
For years a sad, a bitter grief.

He was not happy. Tho' so good to all,  
Could he o'er mem'ry throw oblivion's pall?  
Alas! oh, no! the vale of tears for ever  
Was that sad memory which fadeth never;  
Altho' to heaven in hope he turned his eyes,  
He felt within the grief that never dies.  
What tho' his soul seemed centred in his smile,  
His heavy heart was breaking all the while;  
For he had known love's sunshine, but its ray  
Was long obscured, and sorrow held its sway  
For ever o'er that broken spirit's gloom—  
A secret for himself and for the tomb.

And this was Bibo—this was he  
Whom now they "Father Crispin" call;  
This the good man whose sanctity  
Had made him the beloved of all.

When the time was allotted he gave up his breath,  
And calmly reclined on the bosom of death ;  
So well had poor Crispin atoned for the past,  
Surrounded he died with blessings at last.  
To all he had known he acted as friend,  
And let us all hope that "peace was his end."

He scarcely had time to give up the ghost,  
When Cardinals, Bishops, and all the whole host  
Of clerical men, came down to inquire  
What all the hulla-ba-loo was in town ;  
For every "Robinson, Jones, and Brown,"  
    Had been heard to declare  
    That the ladies so fair  
    Neglected their hair,  
    And were driven to despair  
At the loss of so good, so holy a friar.  
On such a great man they placed all their hope—  
The Cardinals stated the same to the Pope—  
    When, like a young skipper,  
    " He pull'd up his slipper "  
( 'T would quite have surpris'd Cornelius Agrippa )  
And said : " My dear boys, ' pray tip us your  
    slipper ; '



“ The women shall have their own way.  
“ Without any constraint,  
“ I’ll make him a Saint.  
“ What’s his name, do you say ?”  
“ Father Crispin,” say they.  
“ Then, by my faith, as sure as I am  
“ Vicegerent of the King of Siam,  
“ ‘ Like a son  
“ Of a gun,’  
“ I’ll canon-ize him without more delay.  
“ Master Secretary,  
“ Mind this, d’ye see,  
“ And enter his name in the ‘ Book of Fate ;’  
“ Thereto attach our ‘ great seal of state.’  
“ Be careful, and mind you ‘ make no mistake ;’  
“ Or should it be so,  
“ By my blessed toe  
“ You will probably go  
“ To the cellar below.”

I wish to observe, to save further trouble,  
In the “ Lives of the Saints ” \* they make Crispin  
double ;

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\* Butler’s “ Lives of the Saints,” vol. x.

They write of a Crispin and also Crispinian—  
An insult as great as to call him a “Fenian.”

But mine’s the legitimate Crispin  
    (My author I cannot refuse);  
He was known to be always lipping  
    When drunk at the “Jolly Horse-Shoes.”

On the twenty-fifth day of October,  
A day when few cobblers are sober,  
    At that time of year  
    When they brew the best beer,  
The name of “Saint Crispin,” our Saint will  
    appear ;  
An almanack get and look at the date—  
I know I’m correct in what I relate—  
In characters red,\* the colour of blood, .  
You’ll be able to see it “as clear as mud.”

And now, my “Wax-end,” I’ve run out thy  
    thread.

Had our patron the Saint been alive and not dead,

---

\* Saints days are printed in red ink.

There is not a doubt, without any ado,  
He'd have made more of you—in mending a shoe:  
With your kind assistance these lines I've run  
    through ;  
With my very best thanks, I bid you adieu.

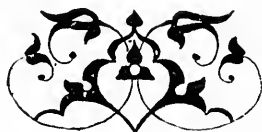
## MORAL.

Pray don't, like Bibere, give way to guzzling,  
And always take the greatest care of mullin :  
That both can prove ungrateful you may find,  
And overturn the balance of your mind ;  
“ Stick to your last,” or any other labour,  
And don't be always chatting with your neighbour.  
Place not implicit faith in one another,  
Nor fancy ev'ry man to be a brother ;  
Talk with a parrot rather than a parasite,  
For one can harm you though they both can bite ;  
Be courteous unto all, yet not confide  
In any one until their worth you've tried ;  
But having found a true and honest friend,  
Welcome that friendship as a great God-fend ;  
Make home your comfort, and your wife's sweet  
    charms  
The spell which ev'ry guilty thought difarms ;

Conciliate each other with a mutual feeling—  
No secret thoughts within your heart concealing ;  
“ For as you make your bed, so you must lie,”  
Until the time arrives when you must die.

## ADDENDA.

Young wives, don't think too much about confessing ;  
And husbands, ope your eyes to priests digressing ;  
Be careful, priests, how you bestow your blessing,  
And don't be shocking us with vile transgressing.



# WAIFS.

A LEGEND OF THE SEA.

150 (4-24-32)



## WAIFS.

A LEGEND OF THE SEA.



'ER the enamell'd surface of the deep,  
Refulgent—like a bride upon her bed,  
So calm, so lovely in her midnight  
sleep—

Not e'en a cypress drooping o'er the dead  
Could throw a shade upon their hallow'd rest  
Like clouds reflected on her azure breast.

Before that picture of ethereal light  
Two beings sat, rapt in their hearts' delight ;  
Their hands were lock'd together, and their looks,  
More eloquent than nature's fairest books,  
Were bent upon each other, while their eyes  
Told joys which mortals seldom realize.

Yet met they not clandestinely, for they  
Had knelt in homage at the holy shrine,  
Which sanctified their love by pow'r divine ;  
And in their feelings blest the happy day  
That gave a solace to each other's heart—  
In joy to live, in agony to part.

Their thoughts were far beyond that liquid light  
Which spread before them from their homely  
strand ;  
For time had sped, and this the only night  
Before they left their dear, their native land.  
Ah ! who but they who've found the time arrive,  
Can feel how hard, how sad it is to strive  
Against the yearning passion for a home,  
When forced to leave, o'er other lands to roam !  
How all the little trifles of our youth  
Come bursting forth, arrayed with ardent truth ;  
How kindred all which bind our hearts to earth  
Seem magnified into a second birth,  
And reminiscences of bygone years  
Add but a gloom unto our present fears ;  
Yet memory can bear to lands away  
The retrospect of many a happy day.



Buoyant the bed where rests the weary gull,  
Lull'd by the undulation of the sea;  
And in tranquillity there lies a hull  
Riding at anchor, but 'twill soon be free;  
For at the first approach of coming day  
Her sails will be unfurl'd to leave the bay.

All partings o'er—each fond, each vain regret :  
Yet scenes in life we never can forget—  
The vessel speeds upon her destined course,  
Sev'ring true hearts with feelings like remorse.  
Dim fades the land : ere yet the setting sun  
Throws one faint gleam, the happy vision's gone.

Borne on the ocean by propitious gales,  
Which filled the area of her swelling sails,  
The wat'ry element the vessel cleft,  
As if rejoicing in her native home ;  
And as she bounded o'er the billows, left  
Far in her wake a line of eddy'ng foam.

While circling in the air the sea-gull flies,  
Watching the ship with scrutinizing eyes,

And dipping with her light wing on the main  
To feed, then rising, follows on again.

To gaze, to linger, o'er the vessel's side,  
To watch the coruscations of the deep—  
Those million little scintillating lights—  
To hear the seething, gurgling noise beside  
Our pillow, ere we fall at last to sleep,  
Are pastimes of the wand'rer's dreary nights.

The first few weeks were passed in musing o'er  
The trials of the past, and coming change ;  
They'd find no greetings on a foreign shore,  
But scenes which might their fondest hopes  
           estrange.

He'd now a double task—to curb his grief,  
And try to give his Gadra's mind relief.

“ Sweet Gadra, emblem of my fondest thought,  
“ Fulfilling all which mentally I fought ;  
“ Before I knew thee did my fancy dress  
“ A form like thine to crown my happiness.  
“ Should Fortune deign to bless my firm endeavour,  
“ We need not leave our native land for ever,

“ But, when a few short years have fled, return  
“ To that dear home for which our wishes  
    yearn.  
“ Yet crave I not for wealth more than to give  
“ Thee comforts : for in thy delight I live ;  
“ And as the light reflected multiplies,  
“ So do I twice thy pleasures realize.”

“ Dear Percy, hadst thou not been what thou art,  
“ From my fond kindred I would ne’er depart ;  
“ But ’reft of thee that home we’ve left behind  
“ Would then appear a desert to my mind,  
“ And I can welcome all, both joy or care,  
“ While I’ve the happiness with thee to share.  
“ Reliant in thy love, my bliss is great ;  
“ So that I lose thee not, I fear no fate.”

Such their communing ; but before the morn  
They little reck’d that all would be forlorn.  
Scarce had they sought retirement in their bed  
When strange commotions founded overhead :  
They heard a shriek, which rent the midnight  
    air,  
Mingled with screams of wild, of mad despair.

He ran on deck to learn the dread event,  
And found the ship a mass of living fire ;  
All power seemed paralyzed, and each intent  
Useless to stay its ravages so dire.  
The masts had caught, and every hope now gone—  
His Gadra left in agony alone ;  
The flames sprang up—a barrier to his course,  
Defying him to penetrate their force,  
And by their great intensity of heat  
Leaving the sea—his death or last retreat !  
Oh ! dreadful fate, with fire to contend ;  
But doubly so—the waves your only friend !

Upon a spar, in sad and mournful plight,  
He floated with the current, far from sight  
Of her his soul adored, whose misery  
Was p'rhaps more abject than his own could be.  
If she existed still, what chance, what power  
Could save her life much longer than an hour ?  
And he could only watch the flames awhile  
Consuming her upon a funeral pile ;  
Or when those flames had ceased 'twould only  
tell  
The vessel sinking, and their last farewell.

Thus—thus was nature's fondest, dearest tie  
Severed by one fell stroke of destiny.  
Unconscious of each other's awful fate,  
In bitterness too dreadful to relate  
He mourns for her who ev'ry fancy fed :  
She weeps for him as numbered with the dead.

Three days he drifted, when a pirate's band  
Saved him from death and carried him to land ;  
Yet death were scarce more cruel on the sea  
Than doom'd to live for years in slavery.

Return we now to her who weeping stood  
Upon the burning ship, lamenting him  
As either burnt or swallow'd by the flood ;  
And as she gazed until her eyes grew dim,  
Beside the vessel on a crested wave  
She saw an infant struggling with its grave.  
Could she with apathy or coldness stand,  
Nor try to snatch that supplicating hand ?  
Oh, no ! maternal instinct inly grew,  
For she would soon become a mother too ;  
And, with the impulse, from the ship she threw

Herfelf: before the wave had time to clofe—  
She clutch'd the infant, and they both arofe;  
While Providence, as if to blefs the deed,  
Granted them fuccour in their time of need:  
A ftalwart failor grasped them yet afloat,  
And drew them gently in the juft lower'd boat.

A home-bound fhip in the offing obferved  
The glaring light, which illumined the dark;  
The captain and crew, with energy nerved,  
Bore down to give help to the burning bark;  
But ere they arrived at the fcene of woe  
The ill-fated bark fank fathoms below.

They hoifted fignal-lights, that thofe who might  
Have 'fcaped in boats, or clung to rafts and fpars,  
Should know, could they but linger on till light,  
A welcome 'waited them by brother tars;  
And in the morning found three boats containing  
All that was feen of that fine bark remaining.

They sailed about for hours, hoping ftill  
To catch a glimpe of fome yet living being;  
But nought appeared their wifhes to fulfil,  
Tho' each one tried his greateft pow'r of feeing.

Where's Percy? where the parents of the child?  
Gone, sunk for ever, in the waters wild!

And Gadra, half distracted, nursed the boy—  
Left, like herself, another “waif and stray”—  
And in her anguish felt a soft alloy  
Whene'er she thought upon that fatal day;  
Tho' once that child belonged unto another,  
Now cared she for it as the fondest mother.

The ship returned unto a port not far  
Removed from that she once had left behind;  
But oh! what future life could e'er debar  
The memory of him to her pure mind?  
And shortly, to her great delight, there came  
An infant girl to bless her Percy's name.

Now leave we her to seek on distant shores  
Another “waif” upon life's tempest tost;  
That Percy, whom his Gadra's heart deploras—  
While he believes his Gadra also lost—  
Living in slav'ry, scarce in human shape,  
For eight long years before he could escape.

Once, while the pirate's crew were out at sea,  
A vessel touched upon the barren strand;  
They called for water, but what ardent glee  
Did Percy feel to meet them on the sand;  
And with the eloquence which grief bestows  
He told them all his troubles and his woes.

Hard must the heart be that could e'er refuse  
To listen to such grief, or yet withstand  
The rescue of a life which none would choose;  
They took him in the boat and by the hand,  
The sufferer to a colony they bore,  
To breathe the air of liberty once more.

He thought he'd try to work his passage home.  
Home! dreadful thought! for now his fate seem'd  
cast!

Far better anywhere on earth to roam  
Than go where scenes would but recall the past,  
The happy omens under which they started,  
And mourn o'er joys that now were all departed.

He stayed, he toiled; and fortune seemed to smile  
On all his doings, yet could not beguile



That innate passion which would ever seem  
Like the existence of a lovely dream.

One day by chance he grasped a friendly hand,  
Warm with affection, from his native land—  
A wand'rer like himself, who came to try  
What wealth a foreign country could supply.

“ Dear Percy! whence this absence from thy  
friends,

“ Whose fondest wishes ever were for thee?

“ The only pray'r which on the good attends

“ Was breathed by all for thy felicity;

“ Why hast thou left for years in silent gloom

“ Thy Gadra, weeping o'er thy fancied tomb?”

“ Is it to mock my poor, my broken heart

“ Thou breathest forth a name, whose magic found

“ Thrills through my bosom with a madd'ning  
smart?

“ In pity say!—was not that loved one drown'd?

“ Oh! raise not hopes which years have scarce  
allayed,

“ Left my poor heart should be again betrayed.”

“ She lives, and had two children when I left—  
“ Her only comfort, now of thee bereft.”

“ Two children, Carlos?—is she wed again?  
“ Oh! rack me not with such unthought-of pain.”

“ I would not, Percy, add one word to make  
“ Or cause a doubt thy fancy could create;  
“ Pity alone, my friend, for thy dear sake,  
“ Would wish to see thy griefs alleviate;  
“ But what I said are facts—though stern, yet  
true;  
“ If rumour’s true, so true I’m telling you.  
“ I, like yourself, have been away for years,  
“ Tossed in a whirlwind both of hopes and fears;  
“ Nor have I seen thy Gadra, but have heard  
“ She had a little babe when she arrived;  
“ Since then she’s had another, and contrived  
“ By industry, and what her friends conferr’d,  
“ To live. Nor is she wed again; your name  
“ She still retains; nor is one word of blame  
“ Cast on her; yet ’tis strange. She wore for  
years  
“ Her widow’s weeds, and in herself appears

“ A model of her sex ; yet who can be  
“ The father of her youthful progeny ? ”

“ Carlos ! thy converse warps my weary brain,  
“ And a solution of the fact seems vain ;  
“ To have two children of a diff’rent age  
“ Passes my power of sense. I did presage  
“ She would have one, so Gadra did proclaim ;  
“ E’en had she twins their age would be the  
    same ;  
“ Or if without our knowledge she is wed  
“ To some one else, thinking that I am dead,  
“ The time appears too brief from what you’ve  
    said ;  
“ And through the lab’rinth of my tortured  
    thoughts  
“ I find no answer to their vain reports.

“ Oh, Gadra ! beauteous star ! thou garner’d shrine  
“ Of my affections, I could not intwine  
“ One guilty thought in all my dreams of thee,  
“ Or ever charge thee with duplicity ;  
“ If thou art wed, in ignorance that I live,  
“ Tho’ death to me—still—still I could forgive.

“ Soft as the air that ’wakes th’ Æolian strings—  
“ Vibrating chords—so thy remembrance brings  
“ Sensations to my heart, which seem to speak  
“ Warm from thy balmy breath upon my cheek.  
“ For years when I imagined thou wert gone,  
“ I thought of thee amongst those stars that shone  
“ Upon my path, to cheer my midnight toil—  
“ Ideal bliss commingled with thy youth  
“ As thou hadst been on earth. Oh! happy  
    dream!  
“ Radiant in all its purity and truth.  
“ Tho’ thou’rt alive, I could not now despoil  
“ Those treasured thoughts within my heart  
    supreme;  
“ And thy chaste love, dear Gadra, ne’er was cast  
“ But in a mould like mine, with life to last.”

Oh! that the pow’r of wings could give him  
    flight,  
As on the breeze ethereally caught,  
Swift as the rays that dart with morning light,  
Or even pass to her as fleet as thought:  
Such would his transit be to gain access  
To her—his Gadra—in her loneliness.

Now bounds a bark across the ocean foam,  
Beneath the beauty of a summer sky,  
And bears our Percy to his long-lost home,  
By all save one forgotten, or well nigh.  
Yet still he lives, and comes in anxious dread  
To seek for her who mourns him with the dead.

And as the gallant ship more quickly flies,  
More quickly beats the wand'rer's careworn heart;  
While as his native shores to vision rise  
They're yet obscured, for nature's tears will start,  
As mem'ry whispers with each liquid gem,  
Had Gadra and myself ne'er quitted them.

The vacillating metal in the glass  
Anon doth rise and then again will fall;  
So in his breast would joy as sunbeams pass,  
And then despair o'ershade it with its pall.  
Thus Percy felt, and tho' in heart a hero,  
The strong man's courage fell to sorrow's zero.

Like "*ignis fatuus*" o'er a chasm fell,  
Luring the houseless traveller in the night,  
Who looks with gladness on the mystic spell  
Shining in beauty with unearthly light,

Until the flick'ring phantom falsely flies,  
And depths below th' unwary victim lies.

Or like the light that burns near hidden woes,  
Lit by the ruthless wrecker's curfed hand,  
Which bids the storm-toft failor seek repose ;  
And whilst he dreams of wife and fatherland  
The vefsel bilges! and death's direft throes  
In gurgling waters his vain struggles clofe.

Now Percy flood upon the land once more,  
And viewed that cottage erft of blifs the throne ;  
No recognition greets him as of yore,  
No loved embrace or fond affection's tone.  
Alas! the fepulchre were far more fweet  
To him, for there his heart had ceafed to beat.

The twilight wanes, and melts to ftarry night,  
With pale wan Luna's beams upon the fpot ;  
And there, by her own foft and filv'ry light,  
Was Percy wending to his Gadra's cot.  
The monkifh robe and cowl—auftere attire!—  
Proclaim the wearer as a holy friar.

He gently knock'd at her own latticed door,  
And humbly ask'd to see that lady fair ;  
His prayer was granted, and one minute more  
He saw his wife, and breathed the self-same air.  
Oh, God ! the strength it took him to control  
That moment's trial of his inmost soul !

Then Gadra spoke—" Oh ! holy father, say  
" What is thy mission here—oh, pray impart.  
" Can I do aught to cheer thy pilgrim way ?  
" Or art thou sent to ease my broken heart ?  
" I'll help thee, father—for myself my tears  
" And child are solace for my future years."

In accents low and falt'ring he replied—  
" I ask for nothing, but would soothe thy woe.  
" Why mournest thou for one who, long since died,  
" Sleeps in the caverns of the deep below ?  
" But, though he lies beneath the billows wild,  
" Thou hast a treasure in his ne'er seen child."

" She is my life-tie, and God in his mercy  
" Sent me a comfort in my angel's face,  
" And made her image of my sainted Percy,  
" Whose ev'ry lineament in her I trace.

“ And this not all ; for in that night of fear  
“ A drowning mother sank—her son is here !

“ I was no mother then, but felt a joy  
“ In shelt’ring her poor orphan in my breast,  
“ And as kind heaven trusted me that boy,  
“ I’ve done a mother’s duty, and feel blest.  
“ Scarce summers three had o’er this infant flown,  
“ When I adopted him as if my own.”

Emotion shook th’ apparent friar’s frame ;  
In utterance choked, he ask’d that he might see  
Those children fair ; and straightway forth they  
came,

Young Hubert first, and then sweet Amelie ;  
And in that laughing rosy little elf  
Percy beheld the reflex of himself.

Sweet calm now reign’d in that once troubled  
breast ;

The Romish gabardine he tore away,  
And there her loved brave Percy stood confest,  
As she beheld him on that fatal day.  
Disguise was useless ; constancy thus tried  
Was pure as spotless snow, and thus he cried :—



“ Enough ! my feelings I cannot subdue ;  
“ My long-lost Gadra, welcome to my heart !  
“ And thou, my darling girl, and Hubert too,  
“ We meet this night, ah ! never more to part ! ”  
While Gadra, dove-like, flew to his embrace,  
And kiss'd the tears upon his manly face.



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO



## THE BODY-SNATCHERS.

**U**PON a cold November night  
Two body-snatchers went to  
work;

They never felt a qualm or fright  
To raise a body or to "burke."

The road led round an old churchyard,  
A steep approach upon a hill,  
A six-feet wall the only guard  
Against the depredators' skill.

A drunken man who had to pass  
Close by the church to reach his home,  
Had never dreamt of fear, alas!  
Or else he never would have come.

He felt he had a certain reason  
To lean against the wall, because  
His head appeared like plotting treason ;  
In fact he scarce knew where he was.

He heard a footstep coming up  
Towards the place where he had settled,  
But having had a drop to sup  
He didn't feel his courage nettled.

He thought whoever it might be  
Would onward walk, not seeing him ;  
For in the dark he couldn't see  
The customer who looked so grim.

As fate would have it, 'twas the spot  
Selected for their operation ;  
The chosen body they had got  
Out of the grave by exhumation.

The man outside looked all around,  
And whistled to his mate within,  
And said—" Bill, all seems safe and sound."  
The other with a ghastly grin

Cried—"He's a fat 'un; to my thinking  
" "Ten quid' he'll fetch, or I'm a duffer."  
Says Joe—"All right! now in a winking  
" Pitch in the road the stiff old buffer."

And quickly down it came a thwack,  
Much to the countryman's surprise,  
Who started up, and in a crack  
Ran off; while Joe cried, "Bless my eyes!"

And bellowed—"Here's a pretty bother,  
" And sure the Devil is to pay;  
" You'd better pitch us down another;  
" That 'tother fellow's cut away."



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## THE LOST TESTIMONIAL.

A LEGEND OF DUNDEE.

**A**CROSS the Tay,  
One wintry day,  
A ferry-boat was going ;  
Slow was its progress at that time—  
They did it then by rowing.\*  
The frosted trees  
Told the degrees  
Of cold in crystal sparks of rime ;  
And, whistling shrill  
O'er the snow-capp'd hill,†  
A sharp north wind was blowing.

The freightage of the ferry-boat  
Consisted of an old frieze coat,

---

\* A steamboat plies across now—distance  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles.

† "The Law," 525 feet above the level of the Tay.

In which the rower was envelop'd.  
The only passenger beside  
Was one—a form whose youthful pride  
The charms of womanhood develop'd;  
And in her lap  
She held a scrap  
Of paper which was dear to her:  
It was her written “character,”  
Implying that the fame would bear  
The test of anything that's fair.

In fact, it was her “testimonial”—  
The usual sort of ceremonial  
When servants seek a situation,  
The last not left from degradation.

The sharp and nipping cold benumb'd  
Her little fingers as she thumb'd  
The paper. Judge her great dismay:  
The wind, so rough,  
With sudden puff,  
Caught and convey'd it far away.

“Oh, goodness gracious! let me crave  
“That you'll be kind enough to save



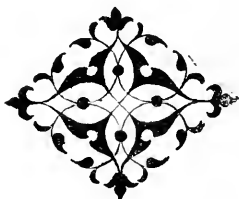
“ That precious paper mistress gave.  
“ See there !—it’s skipping o’er the wave.  
“ Oh, dear ! oh, dear ! ’tis gone again,  
“ And all your efforts will be vain.”

The old man saw the maid’s surprise,  
And thus began to moralize :—

“ No matter, lass ;  
“ Time’s hour-glass  
“ Was never known to stand ;  
“ But, like the river,  
“ ’Twill flow for ever,  
“ While there’s a grain of sand !  
“ And tho’ you’ve lost  
“ What was almost  
“ The greatest thing for you to boast,  
“ Yet, ere you leave,  
“ You shall retrieve  
“ It—by another on the coast.”

And this he did with best intent ;  
Annex’d you’ll find the document :—

“ This is to certify, that I,  
“ The ferryman upon the Tay,  
“ With this girl’s feelings to comply,  
“ Most solemnly declare that she  
“ Did lose her ‘ character ’ with me,  
“ While we were crossing Broughty Bay.”



ST. THAIS  
THE FAIR PENITENT.

A LEGEND OF THEBES.

115-104-21

115-104-21



## SAINT THAIS THE PENITENT.

THE following abridgement from "Butler's Lives of the Saints," vol. 10,

Will give the pith or gift,  
From which I've ground my grift.

About the middle of the fourth age there lived in Egypt a famous courtesan, named Thais; but the sentiments of grace were stifled in her by an unbridled love of pleasure and desire of gain. Beauty, wit, and flattering loose company brought her into the gulf, and she was engaged in the most criminal and infamous habits. This unhappy, thoughtless sinner was posting to eternal destruction, when Paphnutius, an holy anchorite, wept for the loss of her soul, the scandal of her vicious courses being public in the whole country. At length he formed a project, or a pious stratagem, in order to have access to her, that he might rescue her out of her disorders. He put off his penitential weeds, and dressed himself in

such a manner as to disguise his profession. Going to her house, he called for her at the door, and was introduced to her chamber. He told her he desired to converse with her in private, but wished for some more private apartment. "What is it you fear?" said Thais; "if men, no one can see us here; but if you mean God, no one can hide us from His all-piercing eye."

"What!" replied Paphnutius, "do you know there is a God?"

"Yes," said she, "and that heaven will be the portion of the good, and everlasting torments in hell for the wicked."

"Is it possible you should know these great truths and yet dare to sin in the eyes of Him who knows and will judge all things?"

Thais perceived by this stinging reproach that he was a servant of God, who came to draw her from her unhappy state of perdition. She burst into a flood of tears, filled with confusion at the sight of her crimes, and said, "Father, enjoin me what course of penance you think proper. I desire only three hours to settle my affairs, and I am ready to comply with all you shall counsel me to do."

Paphnutius appointed a place to which she should repair, and went back to his cell.

Thais got together all her jewels, magnificent furniture, rich clothes, and the rest of her ill-gotten wealth, and, making a great pile in the street, burnt it all publicly, inviting all who had made her those presents, and been the accomplice of her sins, to join her in her sacrifice and penance.

To have kept any would have been not to cut off all dangerous occasions, which might again revive her passions, and call back former temptations. This being done, Paphnutius conducted her to a nunnery of women; there the holy man shut her up in a cell, putting on the door a seal of lead, as if that place had been made her grave, never more to be opened.

He ordered the sisters, as long as she lived, to bring her every day only a little bread and water, and enjoined her never to cease praying.

After the space of three years, Paphnutius went to St. Antony to ask his advice if her penitential course did not seem sufficient.

St. Antony said, "St. Paul the Simple should be consulted, for God delights to reveal his will to the humble."

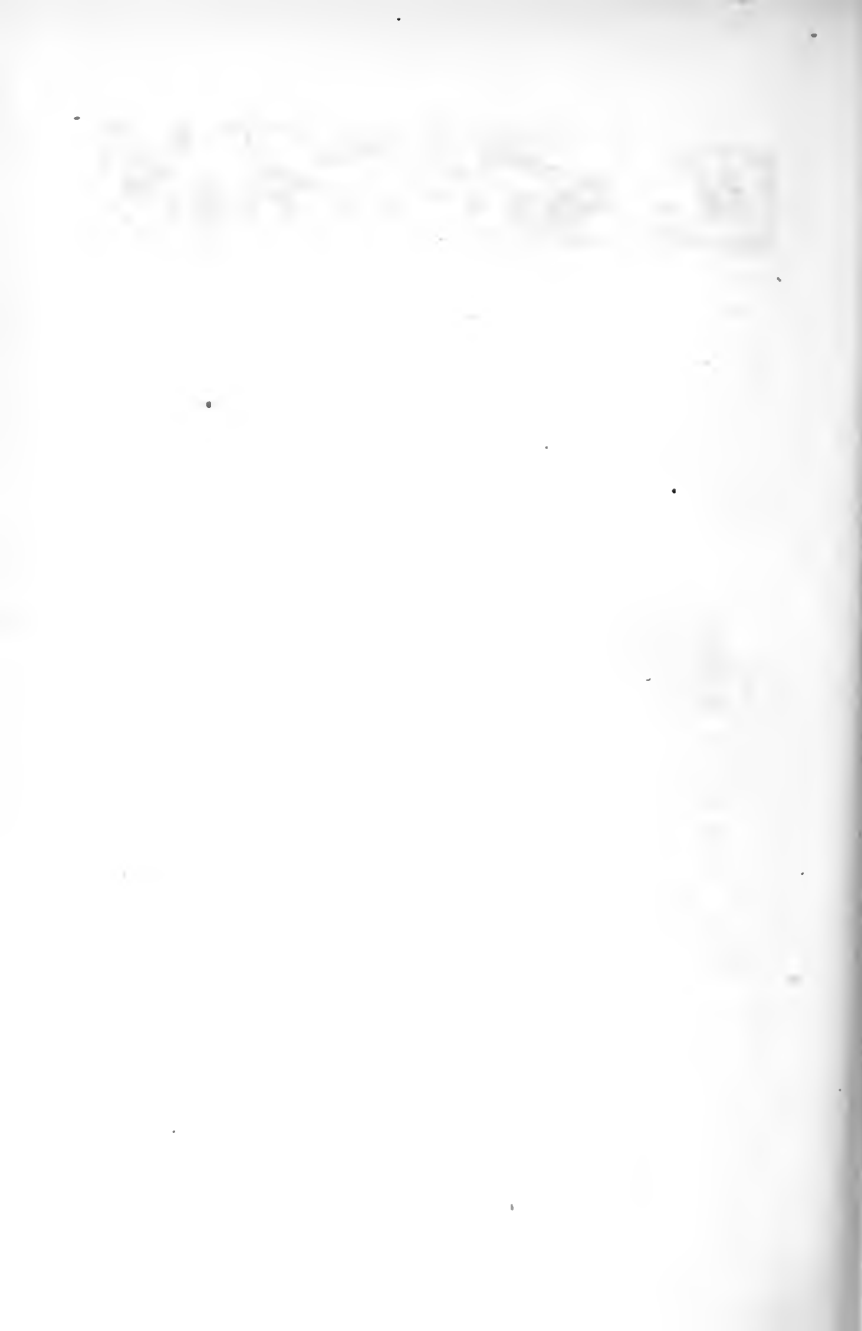
St. Paul answered "that God had prepared a place in heaven for the penitent."

Paphnutius, therefore, went to her cell to release her.

She died fifteen days after, about the year 348.

She is honoured in the Greek menologies on the eighth October.

See her life, written by an ancient Greek author, in Rosweide, D'Andilly, Bulteau, and Villefore.







## SAINT THAIS THE PENITENT.

A LEGEND OF THEBES.



SING of her whose beauty and whose  
wit

Threw all the Theban ladies in a fit  
Of scandal, by the knowledge of her acts—  
Tho' not heroic, yet historic facts ;  
No marshalled armies fighting on the plain  
For life to struggle, or their rights maintain, }  
Led half such willing captives in their train. }

But I must change my metre, now too long,  
And not at all adapted to my song.

Fair Thais was a virgin,  
And ev'rybody thought her so,

Until she went diverging  
With Count Boloo, who brought her to  
A state of impropriety ;  
In fact he'd not deny it, he  
Was fond of notoriety,  
    Regardless as to price ;  
But when he felt satiety  
He always tried variety,  
    And stepp'd it in a trice.

Altho' my verse is terse,  
Yet I could not rehearse,  
Were I required to do it,  
How these young folks went through it ;  
Nor yet recount—without a dread  
The vast amount—spent by the Count,  
In shape of interest and discount,  
In th' eleven lines you've read.

I'm bound by no laws ;  
I'll tell you the cause  
(Like a great many more,  
I could count by the score):

I'm regardless of dactyl and spondee ;  
My pentam's  
And hexam's  
Are like lambs  
Without dams,  
Or a maiden without any fond he.

I find some lines too short, and some too long,  
Have crept into the pathway of my song.  
But prosody does cramp one, and one's genius  
lingers ;  
And, *certainly*, he's no poet who would count his  
fingers.  
If you should have a Shakespeare on your table,  
You'll find that "looking at the feet's a fable." \*

A poetical wit  
Isn't worth half a tit  
Which pops in and out of a hedge,  
Unless he'd down with it,  
If any pith in it,  
And save us the trouble to dredge ;

\* Othello, Act. V., Scene 2.

For what is transcendent  
 Must needs be resplendent,  
 Tho' the brightest of things, we can say,  
 Don't appear quite so bright at mid-day;  
 From what I have seen  
 My experience has been  
 There's a greater delight  
 In a less hallow'd light—  
 The refinement of wit at midnight.

And yet such tricks as these won't do,  
 Altho' good folks at times get fou';  
 And strange, the longer they remain  
 The less remembrance they retain  
 Of all the rights they'd then maintain, }  
 Unless like Burns, who'd never go,  
 But still would sing "The cock may crow."  
 Talking of crowing, it  
 Puts me in mind  
 While I've been going it  
 I've left Thais behind.

While Thais's character suffer'd intensely,  
 The young Count's went up, in a ratio immensely.

Of luxuries fine—it's a shame they'd not hand her  
"The fauce for the goofe which is good for the  
gander."

The chronicles state not, so I am unable  
To tell you the fauces they used upon table,  
They had not in those days a Harvey, or Nichol,  
Or the famous composer \* of "Perry, green  
pickle,"

Nor aught on the shelves of Croffe, Blackwell,  
and Co.,

That epicure shop in the square of Soho,  
Or "Worcestershire Sauce," which I think all  
must say,

Is the spiciest condiment known at this day.

But where am I running  
With all of this funning,  
Diabolical punning? I cannot maintain—  
I have lost all my brain  
In the first of my strain;  
But the gauntlet is down, and I'm at it again.

---

\* Smollett.

The gay Count Boloo,  
Having nothing to do,  
Spent his time in all sorts of frivolity;  
He was always fought out  
For a party or rout,  
As affording the greatest of jollity.

At pic-nics, whene'er they went *à la Watteau*,  
The Count would be found, as the most favour'd  
beau,  
Reclining so sweetly on flow'rets and glebes,  
'Twas quite picturesque in the purlieus of Thebes;  
But yet not so safe, by the banks of a river.  
While talking "soft nothings" you'd start with a  
shiver;  
Instead of the fowl you were eating so gay,  
As a vile crocodile had marked you for his prey,  
Or perchance while admiring the flashes of fire,  
Inspired by bright eyes causing softer desire;  
While coolly reflecting how passion is fed,  
A boa-constrictor is over your head  
With still brighter eyes, dooming you for the  
dead.

From scenes of such horror when homeward you've  
fled

You find a big scorpion popp'd into your bed ;

Or a centipede, p'rhaps, or a cobra capello—

Not over inviting to call one's bedfellow ;

But custom's a habit which ev'ry one feels

The same, as 'tis said by " the skinning of eels."

While I'm painting such terrible blows to our  
feelings,

Old Nick's got me now, for the want of fresh  
dealings ;

If I'm book'd for below

When I " cock up my toe,"

Yet the De'il take Old Nick, I must still have a go

While I've life ; I'm not frightened of bogies ;

No, nor any fantastical fogies ;

If, like Faust, I've made over myself to the Devil,

The compact\* was still that on earth he'd be civil.

I cannot discover

This girl's second lover,

---

\* Mephistopheles : " I'll be your servant on earth, if you will be mine hereafter."

Tho' no doubt a rover,  
And well up in clover.  
    " Clover and pelf "  
    The same thing itself  
    As bread is a loaf,  
    Tho' many an oaf  
Would not easily stumble  
On a rhyme that's so humble.

Her mind being open to new forts of revelry,  
She gave herself up to the joys of this earth,  
And entered so fast into all kinds of devilry,  
Like a second-born goddess\* of laughter and  
    mirth.

Her *Soirées* were great ;  
Young head and bald pate  
Came there to relate  
Their love and their fate.  
They could not liquidate  
Their ancestral estate.

When love holds the key which opens the locket,  
How soon we arrive at the depth of the pocket !

---

\* Voluptas.



You may read in a work by the great poet Dante  
Of visions and scenes in the regions below ;  
Or look at Anacreon about a Bacchante ;

And then in your readings pray turn to Sappho,

The soft, tender hearted,

When Phaon departed ;

Then dive in Propertius, with Ovid, Catullus,

And gentle Sulpicia, with naughty Tibullus.

Such a great weight of brain

Harping on the same strain,

Proves "there's nothing new under the  
sun ;"

A hundred of years

Like mist disappears,

Yet the same sort of business is done.

But, as they have described much more than I'm  
able

(Tho' much, I believe, is not true, but a fable),

Still, when you have gotten such scenes in your  
head

Of terrestrial affairs, you'll be much better led

To imagine what now I would wish that you knew

Took place with fair Thais and the gay Count

Boloo.

Her house was a temple of choice curiosities,  
Contents chiefly made up of fond reciprocities,  
Such gems and such jewels she daily received  
By any unconscious 'twould not be believed ;  
For every rival would try to outdo  
And step in the shoe—of the gay Count Boloo :  
They followed the game he so coolly neglected,  
And laughed in his sleeve, as might well be  
expected.

Like a bee or a butterfly flirting about  
Among many blossoms, he soon found one out  
On whom his spontaneous affection he'd rivet,  
“As dead as a nail,” or “as right as a trivet.”  
To the gay Count Boloo all these words will  
apply :  
“While he'd one in his heart, he'd got two in  
his eye.”  
He'd rifle a kiss so luxuriantly sweet,  
And care not how often the dose to repeat.

When I mention a rifle  
I don't mean to trifle,

And tell you the young Count Boloo  
Was a Volunteer gay,  
For at that time of day  
They had nothing of that fort to do.

Such was the state of the poll  
When a most pious old soul,  
One Father Paphnutius by name, }  
Had seriously noticed the flame }  
Which set all the place in a flame.  
He'd have felt horrified  
Had the fair Thais died  
In the sad state of sin  
She was in.

This old anchorite  
One night "struck a light"—  
I mean by that,  
"He smelt a rat"—  
Which seem'd to illumine his heart with delight.  
He'd throw off the clothing which anchorites  
wear ;  
He'd get a new suit, and like mortal appear,  
In the greatest of hope to get near—her ear.

The fair Thais

On her dais

Would not have thought that very night

That she'd receive,

Without her leave,

A visit from an anchorite.

When he solicited a room in private,

She never knew or guess'd he meant to strive at

A scene to her quite new, which we arrive at. }

She said: "No one can see us here;

"But perhaps it's conscience that you fear.

"If so, dear Sir, without the slightest doubt,

"I have no private room will keep that out."

"What!" cried the Father, in his holy zeal,

"Amidst thy sins hast thou the power to feel

"That inward monitor? My task is blest!

"New inspirations now my heart invest.

"Oh, let me beg, let me by all entreat—

"Thy better feelings may thy worse defeat—

"That thou'lt renounce this life for evermore!

"'Twas this alone I came here to implore;

- “ For there are days to come when fad and solemn  
gloom  
“ Will make thee feel thyself an emblem of the  
tomb.  
“ When beauty leaves thee—when the charms  
which now  
“ Have pow’r to rob another’s virtuous brow  
“ Shall wither—when the lustre of thine eyes  
“ Will only glare to see how they despise  
“ The fleeting pleasures of the present hour—  
“ When irremediably they lose their power,  
“ And all the false temptations thou canst blend  
“ Will be inert to reach the wish’d-for end ;  
“ For age, if sickness comes not with thy fate,  
“ Will teach thee griefs too dreadful to relate ;  
“ And those who now care for thee in their lust  
“ Will turn upon thee with extreme disgust.  
“ Say where, amidst the world’s capricious strife,  
“ Will pity yield thee aught to make thy life  
“ But as a swollen stream, which onward goes,  
“ Compell’d by force to struggle in its throes,  
“ Unconscious of its course as thou wilt be,  
“ ’Till flowing on the confines of Eternity ?

" Oh, let me check thy sad, thy heedless course,  
 " And save thee from the bitterest remorse !  
 " By firm repentance, turn each scene of care  
 " To all that's great, that's good, that's heavenly }  
     fair, }  
 " And snatch thee, as a victim, from Despair." }

The holy Father work'd so on her feeling,  
 She felt contrition o'er her senses stealing,  
 And said : " The words thou'lt spoken make me  
     feel  
 " More than my tongue has power to reveal.  
 " Three hours grant me, Father, I beseech,  
 ' Before I fly to learn the truths you teach."

The wealth she'd amass'd in her vicious career,  
 Now her feelings were changed, as dross would  
     appear ;  
 But in case a relapse might tempt her to wander  
 To thoughts of the past, or for fear she might  
     ponder  
 On gifts once her idol, but now her regret,  
 In destroying them all it might make her forget

Their existence, and with them all chance of  
returning  
To the life she had led, now with piety burning.  
She therefore determined the whole of the  
treasures  
Which had compromised her with improvident  
pleasures  
Should be taken away that very same day,  
And demolished by fire in an *auto-da-fé*.

To the great market-place she had them conveyed,  
And one on the top of another was laid,  
Pile upon pile, until higher and higher  
'Twould almost outrival famed "Salisbury spire;"  
The wardrobes, rich carvings, the pictures and  
plate,  
Her own pretty dais, where she erst sat in state,  
With designs of all sorts, well worthy attention,  
And all the *et cæteras* too many to mention;  
'Twas a glorious "lot" for an auctioneer's list,  
Only wanting a Robins his hammer to twist,  
'Twould surely have raised such a quantum of  
grift,  
Holy Church would have grabbed like a vice in  
her fist.

She invited Boloo  
And the whole of the crew  
To see her great roast instead of her stew,  
Which made the spectators remarkably blue,  
Excepting one—the game Boloo,  
Who cried out “cock-a-doodle-doo!”  
For he was given much to crowing,  
And didn’t care for mortal going.

When the monks had observed she’d burnt all her  
stock up,  
Paphnutius conducted her into a “lock-up;”  
Then he placed on the door an immense seal of  
lead,  
“Leaden type” to the world that fair Thais  
was dead.  
To the nuns he commanded precisely each day  
To give her some bread and a pitcher of water,  
That flesh in her thoughts should no longer have  
fway,  
And a most “perfect cure” for fair frailty’s  
daughter.  
Three years she remained in this desolate cell,  
When Paphnutius went out to Saint ’Tony to tell  
That fair Thais behaved so remarkably well



He thought she might now have some  
    . easement.

Saint 'Tony referred the affair to another,  
One called Paul the Simple, a clerical brother,  
Who perhaps did his best the hard matter to  
    fmother,  
And sent the next day her releasement.

But in fifteen days after the fair Thais died ;  
In the Grecian Menology she's sanctified ;  
And all I can hope is that you'll not deride  
The thought that Saint Thais is p'rhaps glorified.

#### ADDENDA.

I can't find a moral laid down in the text,  
    Tho' I think I've work'd up to the letter ;  
Fair Thais's morals were very perplex'd,  
    And perchance I could not do much better  
Than give you an adage both happy and quaint—  
“ The greater the finner, the greater the faint.”

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHILOSOPHY DEPARTMENT

1950-1951

PHILOSOPHY 101

PHILOSOPHY 102

PHILOSOPHY 103

PHILOSOPHY 104



## THE MYRTLE AND LAUREL.\*

A TREATISE ON GARDENING.

*Set to Music by CLEMENT WHITE.*



AS Venus was tending her garden one day,  
Her favourite myrtle all drooping the  
spied ;  
Its leaflets were shrunken, and ruthless decay  
Seem'd to mark for its own poor Venus's pride.

Affrighted and trembling she ran to bold Mars  
And told her sad story. The warrior laughed—  
“Why, Venus, my love, by your ocular stars,  
“The poor thing is weakly and wanting a graft.”

---

\* The myrtle is sacred to Venus and the laurel to Mars.

His falchion he drew, and a laurel he sliced,  
The noblest, the greenest, and brightest of trees,  
And this to the quivering myrtle he spliced,  
Which fluttered amid the soft Paphian breeze.

A plant soon appear'd of the laurel's bright hue,  
Combining in fragrance the myrtle's sweet air ;  
And ever since then a fond sympathy grew  
'Twixt the brow of the brave and the breast of  
the fair.





## “SYMPATHY,”

AND

WHERE IT MAY BE FOUND.



NEGRO parson from a block  
Held forth to his attentive flock,  
And after having told them all  
The penalties that sin befall,  
He then bemoaned unchristian feeling,  
And said, “The duty of each man  
“Consisted in his always healing  
“Another’s sorrow when he can;”  
And after all his exhortation  
He thought he’d give some consolation  
By saying, “When the world’s unkind,  
“I’ll tell you where you’ll always find  
“Out ‘Sympathy.’” The darkies rose  
(Delighted, as you may suppose),

And cried, “ Oh ! Maffa, tell um where  
“ To find dat joy to foothe um care.”  
With knowing look, the worthy pastor  
Said, as he twifted round his caftor,  
“ I’ll tell you where—and it will never vary—  
“ You’ll always find it in the ‘ Dictionary.’ ”





## LETHE.\*

THE MORNING THOUGHT OF A REVELLER.

**I**F, in the vision of expiring thought,  
There lingers all the happiness we're  
taught,

I'd seize the chalice which appears so fraught  
With ev'ry bliss, tho' to the dregs I fought—  
If Lethe were the font from whence the stream  
Pour'd forth oblivion to fulfil the dream.

If in continual rest the soul might lie,  
By one quietus, dormant and forgiven,  
'Twould soon the troubles of the world defy,  
And waft the spirit to its kindred heaven.

---

\* A river of Hell, whose waters the souls of the dead drank after they had been confined for a certain space of time in Tartarus. It had the power of making them forget whatever they had done, seen, or heard before, as the name implies—λήθη, oblivion.—LEMPRIERE.

Then wherefore pause to grasp the deadly bowl,  
Since dribblets kill the mind, where then's the foul?

'Twere surely not a greater sin to die  
By one deep draught, and quench the mortal fire,  
Than that we seek a temporal supply  
Of that which some so ardently desire.  
Hark! Lethe cries, "Poor mortals! live ye on  
A foretaste of my stream, 'Oblivion!'"







## “THE EVERLASTING GOLD PEN.”

DEDICATED TO F. MORDAN.



HERE'S pleasure in a Guinea Pen,  
It gives us such a lift ;  
No quill pluck'd from a Guinea hen  
Could ever write so swift.  
The pen's possessed of reason too,  
And easily can help us through,  
Tho' we can scarcely spell ;  
For when we doubt about a word,  
The pen's aware of what's occur'd,  
And very soon can tell  
That if it hies along  
With flourish-dash-in running-hand,  
'Twill take experts to understand  
If written right or wrong.

"The Everlasting Pen," they say,  
 Will last for ever and a day ;  
 But what that extra day may be  
 Has taxed my ingenuity.  
 I've heard about the "Iron Railing"  
 They advertise will always last  
 For ever, and not then surpassed—  
 To save the customers from wailing,  
 They'll buy the iron to recast.  
 So in the pen the gold's innate,  
 And we may always estimate  
 'Twill realize each pen-nyweight.

#### MORAL.

And men, like pens, will all be worth  
 Their value for their good alone,  
 Since pen-itents can all atone ;  
 And there's no doubt but well it is  
 That extra day's reserved on earth  
 To settle all our pen-alties.



“LOVE’S PUREST STAR.”

**T**HERE is a pressure of the hand,  
Once felt, thrills thro’ the throbbing  
heart—

A tale that heart can understand,  
Tho’ trembling lips dare not impart.  
The hand which thus has fondly prest  
Conveys the spell from breast to breast.

There is a look which, once exchanged,  
Says more than e’en the tongue can name;  
And, tho’ to others ever changed,  
That look to thee is still the same;  
It tells, tho’ hope delusive prove,  
The heart may yet in silence love.

'Tis not that gaze so often fix'd  
When thousand lustres glad the eye ;  
'Tis mild, and soft, and strangely mix'd  
With blighted hope and vacancy ;  
Whilst thro' the film is seen afar,  
By thee alone, " Love's purest Star."





“ M E A T   *versus*   F I S H .”

A CANONICAL DISTINCTION.

**A** PRIEST had once a serving-man  
Descended from an African—  
A woolly-headed sort of nigger,  
Who, tho’ in conduct calm and mute,  
In appetite was always eager,  
Which made his intellect acute.

The Priest a strict injunction gave  
That, as his precious soul he’d save,  
On Fridays he must never eat  
The smallest particle of “ meat ;”  
But, just to gratify his wish,  
He might indulge in eggs or “ fish.”

One day the Priest's olfactory nerve  
Suggested James was going to fwerve  
From Friday's abstinence, for he  
Smelt onions most deliciously,

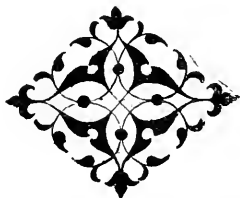
Which James was frying in a pan ;  
And that his nose—should not impose,  
Abruptly from his seat he rose,

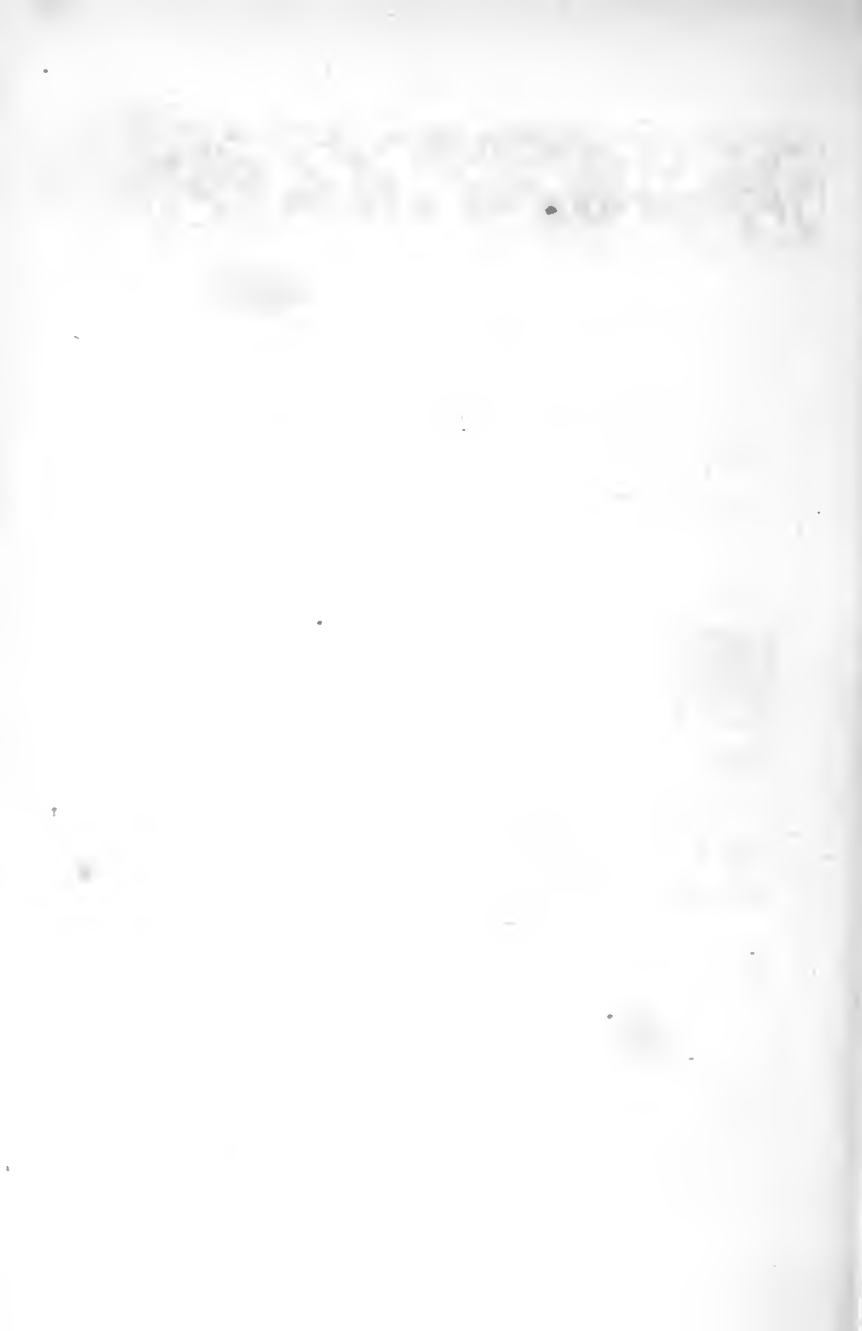
And quickly to the kitchen ran,  
Where, horror-struck, he stood and bristled  
To see beefsteak and onions frizzled ;  
And, as the cursed feast he eyed,  
With rage indignantly he cried :—

" You varlet ! this vile dereliction  
" From what the holy Pope is teaching  
" Deserves some dreadful malediction !  
" And, after all my pious preaching,  
" To catch you eating ' meat ' to-day  
" Surpasses all I've pow'r to say."

By all that's holy blacky swore  
His mind felt easy on that score,  
And said—" As certain as my name's  
" No longer Sambo, but is James,

“ That bit of steak is no more ‘ meat ’  
“ Than fugar-cane, however sweet.  
“ With water you did sprinkle me,  
“ And faid I henceforth James should be,  
“ Tho’ Sambo then had been my name.  
“ Now with that steak I did the fame ;  
“ I sprinkled it upon the dish,  
“ And faid, henceforth your name is ‘ fish.’ ”









## “RECONCILIATION.”

THE BLACKSMITH’S WIFE’S REPLY.

*Set to Music by CLEMENT WHITE.*

**Y**OU may think as you like, but I truly  
can say  
That affection binds fast where it takes ;  
Tho’ you may not lay by for the great “rainy day,”  
Yet the outcast in life often makes  
The fondest devotion a wife once bestow’d  
Still gleam on through all as it ardently glow’d.

There’s a warmth in the heart that’s more fervent  
to me

Than the embers which warm your poor hands ;  
For the words you have spoken I’ve treasured with  
glee,

And my breast with its pleasure expands.

Oh, ever through life may you seek to attain  
That solace at home which can soothe ev'ry pain!

Then the poor smould'ring embers would blaze  
forth so bright,

As together we fann'd the warm fire,  
And the sparks would engender a flame of delight,  
If we'd only the pow'r to inspire  
That sympathy left, which, united, would shine  
In rays whose pure beams would be pleasure divine.

The forge and the bellows you long have rejected  
May blow a loud blast as before,

And your wife, when she finds she's no longer  
neglected,

Would rejoice in the old welcome roar,  
As the sparks from your anvil would brilliantly fly,  
Restoring the comforts you used to supply.



# THE WIT AND THE HOST.


A TALE OF THE LEDGER.

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## THE WIT AND THE HOST.

A TALE OF THE LEDGER.

NE of those happy jovial boys,  
In whose society we pass  
Brief hours of terrestrial joys,  
Was form'd by nature to surpass  
The av'rage of the witty class,  
And give new zest to ev'ry glass.

Although his eloquence could flow,  
Yet 'twas to him no source of money;  
For, by example, well we know  
The bee which makes the sweetest honey  
May in delusive hope fly farthest,  
And yet not reap the richest harvest.

So wit fometimes, with extra spark,  
May not achieve the point it meant,  
But rather overshoot the mark,  
Tho' utter'd with a good intent ;  
For 'tis not ev'ry one that can  
Brook satire from another man.

The landlord of the hostelry  
Was quite incapable to take  
The sallies of his revelry,  
And also made a great mistake  
In tendering a long old score  
For grogs the wit had drunk of yore.

This rupture made the wit betake  
Himself unto a rendezvous,  
Where, for his talents and his sake,  
The others follow'd (*entre nous*) ;  
So that the former house was left  
Entirely of guests bereft.

The same diversions as before,  
Of course, took place in their new quarter ;  
The wit commenced another score  
For fundry drops of gin and water ;

While all the time old Boniface  
Wish'd that he would his steps retrace.

He soon found out his foolish error,  
For in the future he foresaw  
That dread of dreads—to all a terror—  
The broker knocking at his door.  
Poor man! he gladly would atone,  
Tho' all he did was curse and groan.

Continual thinking clears the mind,  
And, after all, he wisely thought  
He'd not be harsh, but would be kind,  
For dearly he'd experience bought,  
And daily sought an opportunity  
To win the wit to his community.

The time momentous came at last ;  
He saw him walking up the street,  
And, just before the door he pass'd,  
He welcomed him with friendly greet.  
“ Good day, dear fir ! the weather's fine ;  
“ This moment I'm about to dine,

“ And shall be happy if you feel  
    “ Inclined within my house to walk.  
“ My joy I scarcely can reveal ;  
    “ Step in, we’ll have a friendly talk,  
“ And o’er a glass of sparkling wine  
“ We’ll speak about the auld lang syne.”

And, nothing loth, the wit accepted  
    The hospitality he proffer’d ;  
His stomach would have much objected  
    To lose a treat so kindly offer’d,  
Since fortune smiled not every day  
In such a pleasant sort of way.

The dinner o’er, the host proceeded  
    Towards a cupboard, whence he took  
A register of bills he needed—  
    In fact, it was the pond’rous book  
In which the wit’s long score was noted,  
The same the landlord once had quoted.

Then in his hand he took plumbago,  
    And thus addressed his friend the wit :  
“ I swear by all! by great Saint Jago!  
    “ That half this score which I have writ



“ I’ll cancel through—if you’ll be true

“ And bid the other house adieu.”

“ What!” said the wit, “ one half the score off!

“ Such gen’rous conduct melts my soul.”

Then quick the other half he tore off,

And cried—“ We balance on the whole ;

“ From this same day I’ll make amends,

“ And ever after we’ll be friends.”

“ I’m of an independent mind,

“ And when I meet a noble heart

“ Congenial with it, you will find

“ An equal feeling I’ll impart ;

“ For I am not to be outdone

“ In gen’rous deeds by any one.”

Within a week the house again

Began to flourish as before ;

The landlord knew ’twas all in vain

To charge the wit another score.

Their friendship met no further mar,

For wit and wine were on a par.

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## THE NOISY DEBATE.

How often we meet with men possessed of a certain temperament of mind, who, having been engaged all day in the harassing transactions of business, resort of an evening to their taverns for the sake of conviviality, and, having spent the time in general conversation, from some cause or another enter into arguments which they are quite incapable of carrying out; while a shrewd man, watching his opportunity, and having gleaned their best thoughts, with a dash and daring will carry off the palm.

**F**ULL many toasts they will propose,  
And many glorious healths they'll  
drink,

Till some are getting quite jocose,  
While others in oblivion sink.

A man possessed of common sense  
Can steer through any argument  
(When two or three at once are talking);  
Rise on your legs and thus comment :

“ You spoke in an imperfect tense ”—  
Say anything by way of balking—  
The Chairman then will rise to order,  
And throw their brains in more disorder ;  
The Vice will also ask the wherefore,  
While you assert your why and therefore,  
Then with politeness take your seat ;  
But mind one thing, pray don't neglect  
To bow with ev'ry due respect  
Both to the Chair and Vice—the feat  
Is half accomplished ; then condense  
The best of what each one has said,  
And store it well within your head.  
With seeming diffidence arise,  
As if again you would commence,  
And when the Chair “ attention ” cries  
The cream of their own thoughts relate,  
As if it sprang from your own pate ;  
It's sure to bear an extra gloss  
When cleared from all its former dross :  
Mind and deliver it concisely,  
Declare they are your thoughts precisely.  
The argument is then the bone,  
Contention yields to you alone ;

And when they seek for a decision  
On points of which they've lost all trace,  
Then look them firmly in the face,  
And say it was your own precision  
Which led them from a great delusion—  
Take odds they'll come to your conclusion.



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1911



## UNTOLD LOVE.

IN IMITATION OF COLERIDGE'S "GENEVIEVE."

**S**HE doth not reck, she cannot dream,  
And chance 'twould not e'en pity  
move,

How one whom she hath little known  
Is dying of her love.

Oh, mem'ry! can I e'er forget  
That moment when in beauty bright  
She rose upon the purple eve  
A miracle of light?

As rosy clouds o'er Grecian sky,  
Which through the liquid ether chase,  
So blushes flitted o'er and o'er  
The beauty of her face;

While through the foliage of her hair,  
Clust'ring around that marble neck,  
Those blushes stealing from her cheek,  
Anon its snow would deck.

That wondrous beauty with a grace—  
A stately virgin grace—she wore,  
Which whisper'd her as one less form'd  
To love than to adore.

Her charms, so dream-like, seized my soul,  
Yet, oh! 'twas fill'd with mournful fears;  
For well I knew a wayward fate  
Might call me forth for years.

Yet all, alas! to me is vain,  
And time itself can only prove  
How twined she is around my heart,  
Now dying of her love.



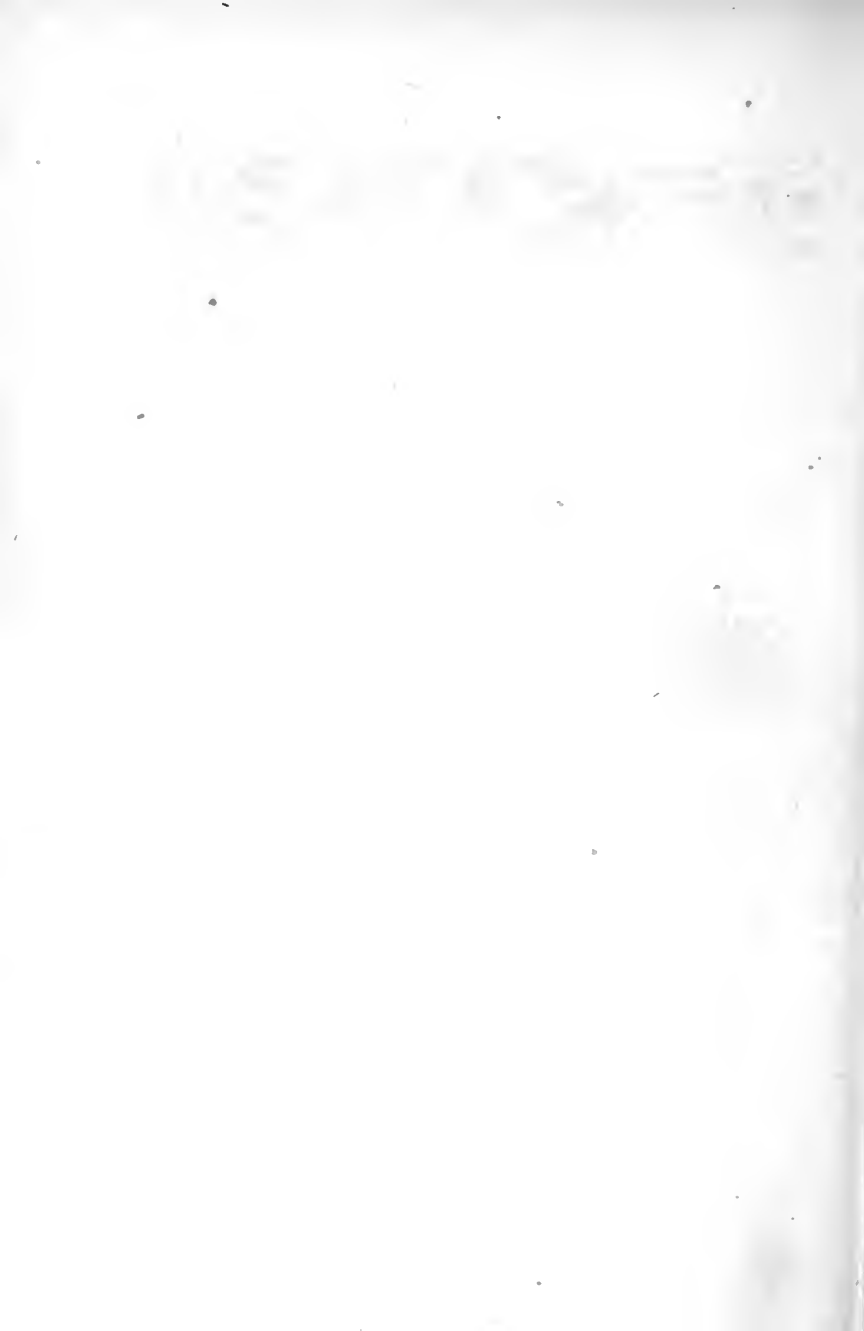


## RUTH.

### THE GLEANER.

**W**HEN Ruth went forth to glean in Boaz'  
land,  
The widow's charms to him appear'd  
so sweet,  
That, by Naomi's wishes and command,  
She slept that night beside the rich man's feet.

Reckless of him who melted at her tears,  
And gazed with pity on her state forlorn,  
The ingrate vixen pull'd his lengthy "ears,"  
And *Ruthlessly* she trod upon his "corn."



“THE STEPPING-STONES.”

A RIVER SCENE.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

1954



## “THE STEPPING-STONES.”

A RIVER SCENE.

**I**N Scotland, where the lasses wander  
O'er heath and thro' the mossy dells,  
And by the streamlets that meander  
Amidst sweet banks of asphodels,  
There Nature was in beauty thrusting  
Forth the blossoms on each tree,  
And all the germs of plants were bursting  
Into new nativity.  
The lark sang sweetly upward flying,  
And swallows skim'd the silent lake,  
Whose surface look'd so smooth and bright,  
Unbroken, like a sheet of light,  
Excepting where the sportive trout  
The circling eddies plash'd about ;

Or where the swan, with stately gait,  
His feath'ry pinions beautifying

As pure and white as snowy flake,  
With crested neck and puff'd-up plume  
Cast far aside the liquid spume,

And fondly swim towards his mate.  
Whilst herds in calm repose were lying  
Beneath the shelter of the brake.

The balmy air, with odours fraught,  
The scents of various flow'rs brought,  
And wafted round their rich perfume.

The bee humm'd forth his joyous tone ;

The busy ants were in commotion ;

While spiders spun their magic webs,  
And in the placid scene was shown,

By all things in their day's devotion,  
The course of Nature never ebbs.

Across a stream whose grassy ridge  
Has never yet been spann'd by bridge,  
But where the “ Stepping-stones ” were placed  
By those whose steps had often traced

From bank to bank the limpid stream—  
There, on those “stones,” one funny day,  
I met a nymph about midway  
Whose beauty haunts me like a dream.

One “stone” abruptly rose, on which  
Two at a time could scarcely stand—  
The foot-hold was a little niche—  
And at a glance I could perceive  
’Twas doubtful if she could achieve  
To step across without my hand,  
Which, with a blush and downcast look,  
The lovely, bashful maiden took.

Oh, what a tremulous sensation  
Thrill’d through my bosom as I felt,  
In that brief moment’s sweet pulsation  
Of hands, what happiness there dwelt!

I could but turn my gaze aside  
From charms so beautifully allied;  
For, as she stood upon the “stone,”  
A hallow’d light around her shone;  
And in the crystal stream I spied,

Reveal'd in Nature's looking-glass,  
The reflex of that lovely lass—  
A lass most beauteous to behold,  
One cast in Nature's loveliest mould;  
For on this earth we seldom find  
Such virtue and such grace combined.  
A rosy bloom her cheeks o'erspread  
As furtively, with half-turn'd head,  
Her eyes, of sweet cerulean blue,  
She partly open'd, and then withdrew;  
Such dazzling orbs of beauty bright  
Seem'd o'er her face the tint to dight.  
Soon was the tender truth reveal'd—  
A truth which could not be conceal'd—  
That love was twining round my heart,  
And would its tender tale impart.

If young Narcissus \* stood amazed  
When he beheld in glassy water  
The aqueous form on which he gazed,

---

\* A beautiful youth, who saw his image reflected in a fountain, and became enamoured of it, thinking it to be the nymph of the place. His fruitless attempts to approach this admired object so provoked him that he grew desperate, and killed



Nor knew that image was himself—

Had he but seen that fairy daughter  
 As I beheld her in the brook  
 Reflected like a mountain fylph,  
 So bright a picture of delight  
 Painted by Heaven's ethereal light,  
 As fed my fond enraptured sight,  
 He would have felt the spell's resplendence  
 So lovely in its great transcendence,  
 That, with surprise and pensive look,  
     Instead of pining lone and single,  
 He would have wooed her virgin charms,  
 To nestle in his youthful arms,  
 And own'd, combined, they had the pow'r  
     With ecstasy to intermingle,  
 And form on earth “a double flower.”

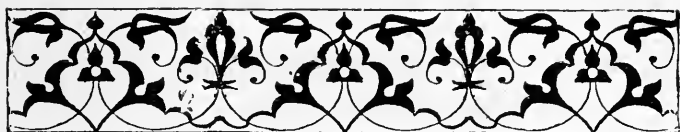
That lassie's wed, and happy now,  
     Tho' years have fled, and age has planted  
 Some furrows on the matron's brow;  
     And e'en her hair, it must be granted,

---

himself His blood was changed into a flower, which still bears his name. The nymphs raised a funeral pile to burn his body, according to Ovid, but they found nothing but a beautiful flower.

Which once in rich luxuriance grew,  
Has now attain'd a silv'ry hue ;  
Yet, through the vista of the past,  
    The vision of that happy day  
On mem'ry's page will ever last,  
    When Nature, in her grand array,  
O'er hill and dale had blossoms strown,  
And we stood on the “Stepping-stone.”





## THE DEVIL OUTWITTED.

**T**WO Lawyers who had always shown  
Contention over ev'ry bone  
That in the kennel of the law  
Fell under their rapacious jaw,  
And spiteful, as with adders' teeth,  
And very waspish in their heart,  
Kept all their poison in its sheath,  
Determined for a deadly bite,  
If either one should dare impart  
A "*casus belli*" for a fight.

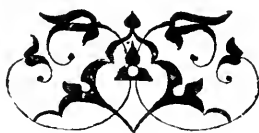
"At daggers drawn,"  
They had forsworn

All friendly intercourse ;  
And having pass'd life's gayest time  
In ev'ry sort of sin and crime,  
They still felt no remorse ;  
When in the course of Nature's laws  
Grim Death stepp'd in and ask'd the cause  
Why lives they'd led so curst evil  
Should not be test'd by the Devil ?

The Lawyers, like " Kilkenny cats "  
(When hanging o'er the line),  
Were plucky as two barn-door rats,  
Or quilly porcupine,  
And, nothing daunted, coincided  
To do whatever Death decided.

But when the Devil saw his clients,  
He ponder'd forely in his mind,  
And felt how vain was all his science  
Against such villains of their kind ;  
For he knew well—he could not find,  
Not e'en in Hell,  
Where demons dwell,

One to excel  
Those Lawyers fell ;  
They were so bad 'twould be a sin  
Beneath Hell's roof to let them in ;  
Their loss he thought he'd not deplore,  
And very wisely closed the door,  
For much he fear'd each fiendish elf  
Might "turn the tables" on himself.





OLLA PODRIDA ;

OR,

RAILWAY JOTTINGS.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO





## OLLA PODRIDA;

OR,

### RAILWAY JOTTINGS.



NE hour to stop before the train departs;  
But then, the porter says it never starts  
Precisely to its time, but rather o'er,  
Because another train must come before;  
And that, he says, invariably is late;  
So there's no telling what's the time to wait.  
But wait I must, with feelings of compunction;  
It's always so—when at a railway junction.

Talking of junctions, that famed one at Clapham  
Appears to all who happen to be foreign  
As if 'twere made expressly to entrap 'em  
With ins and outs, just like a rabbit-warren.  
Even the porters seem as if abhorring  
So many questions, and not make a florin.

There you must burrow, with a kind of dread,  
To see which stairs will prove for you effective,  
And very often find yourself Mifs-led

By stockings white, advancing in perspective :  
Substantial proofs, ere you can reach the landing,  
That English women have good understanding.

Now, how to pass the time?—why, that's the thing !  
It's not the place to smoke, nor yet to sing.  
I'm not inclined to walk, and that Havannah  
(Which, costing sixpence, should be sweet as  
manna)

Was horrid stuff; my lips are parch'd and sear,  
Which certainly entails some "bitter beer."

It's strange there's no dependence on cigars ;  
As far as I'm concern'd, it oft debars  
Their use. Give me the pure Virginian weed  
Cut into shreds, and with a pipe I need  
No greater boon ; in that I feel reliance :  
I'll keep to pipes, and bid cigars defiance.

What's to be done ? I've paper, pen, and ink ;  
Now for a subject, and the brain to think !

Oh, sunny Thought ! come whisper in my ears,  
That I may book thee ; for my pen appears  
As if a dip of ink would do it good :  
'Tis a sad glutton, and it never would  
Be quiet for a moment, but keep scribbling  
As sure as mouse at toasted cheese keeps nibbling.

Now, dearest Psyche !—emblem of the soul !—  
Give me the thought—the pen's at thy control !  
Oh, elevate me with thy wings to try  
The realms of space, like thee, bright butterfly !  
What ! deaf to my entreaty ?—no reply ?  
Thou know'st I cannot grasp thee, so good-bye !

Delve then, my Muse, into funereal urn,  
Promethean like, and filch the latent fire,  
If smould'ring in the grave it yet can burn ;  
For thou wouldst then be able to inspire  
Me with a theme from regions drear and dread,  
To teach the living secrets from the dead.

Now dive into the density so deep  
Of oceans wide, and see if thou art able  
To gain th' immortal prize that we should reap,  
Couldst thou but clutch the "great Atlantic Cable."

There sleeps the spark, although it dormant lies,  
Like urn in earth, embedded in the sand ;  
Yet, like the Phœnix, 'twill again arise  
To stretch from shore to shore the firebrand.

And thou, Pandora—  
The greatest bore a  
Man ever knew  
With cause to rue—  
Say, what could be thy vicious scope,  
With thy infernal “Box of Pills,”  
Scattering about all sorts of ills :  
Then say—there's nothing left but  
“Hope?”

Goddeſs of Chafteity ! thou fair Diana !  
What marvels to thy luſtrous name belong ;  
'Twere better to invoke thee on piano,  
For I could not in purity of ſong  
Sing of thy midnight trip into the cave  
Where young Endymion lay ſo faſt aſleep.  
Say, didſt thou only go to take a peep ?  
Or from what cauſe didſt thou ſo miſbehave ?

Thou surely must have been a lunatic  
Ever to think of playing such a trick.  
What were those feelings which could act ye on,  
When once upon a time poor Actæon,  
Who only, like thyself, did take a peep,  
But ever after had dire cause to weep.  
How was a man, while hunting, to suppose  
He'd catch a lady without bathing-clothes ;  
And then the deed thou didst was nought to brag,  
To turn so fine a youth into a "Stag ;"  
No wonder madmen suffer from the moon, a  
Word synonymous with thine, "Chaste Luna."

There's a face in the moon,  
And there's one in a spoon,  
If you doubt you had better see in it ;  
And another is found  
On a tea-pot that's round,  
But mind it's not hot with tea in it.  
The spoony one looks very much elongated ;  
The other is jolly, like "Spurgeon," elated ;  
It's strange that such trifles should seem so complex,  
But there're always two sides to a picture ;  
Some like the concave, and some the convex ;  
Take your choice, I won't raise any stricture.

Hail! Venus! Goddess of the Cyprian Isle!  
Come forth in all thy beauty, with a smile  
Of welcome; for a vot'ry of thine own,  
Oft have I been a suppliant at thy throne.  
Give me a theme that tender hearts may touch.  
What! silent still? then p'rhaps I asked too much.

I've fought the goddesses—and yet it seems  
As well to “go to Bath”—to get my themes;  
Since in Elysium I'm denied a berth,  
I needs must grovel on my mother earth,  
And feel some consolation in the fact,  
Since heathen ladies don't know how to act;

And if ideal

Subjects can't be found,

I'll keep to real.

Now a glance around—

“From the ridiculous to the sublime”

I've tried; now trot, my Muse, in humble rhyme.

There are three ladies of the maiden type,  
Whose summer bloom is rather more than ripe,  
And in their style they certainly appear  
As if they moved in a superior sphere;

But very angry seems their warm debate,  
I wonder what it is that they relate?  
What can have put them in so hot a state?  
Yet one thing's certain, which I can descry,  
That beauty's not enhanced when words run  
high.

'Tis strange three women cannot live together  
Without a quarrel, or a quibble—whether  
The day will turn out fine, or rainy weather,  
Or some such trivial thing as men would blush at,  
A point which women strenuously rush at,  
And all the ardour of their brain appears  
To tantalize each other into tears ;  
But men, whene'er you see them fraternize,  
Say “ My dear boy ! ” as if to patronize  
Each other with the kindest reciprocity,  
Regardless as to age, or youth's precocity.

Men feel at times a certain elevation  
Produced by wine, which women scorn to know,  
In fact, they spurn it as a defecration ;  
Tho' I have watched at times a certain glow,  
Combined with other queer peculiarities,  
Denoting there had been familiarities

Between the bottle and themselves connectable; }  
But no, I must be wrong, they're too respectable, }  
And wouldn't do such things, howe'er delectable. }

Now standing on the platform—there's a sight—  
A slim young man, above the average height,  
With legs attenuated like a spider,  
And whip in hand, though he is no horse rider;  
He seems aristocratic in his bearing,  
Yet a detested "billy-cock" he's wearing.  
With all the questions about "who's your hatter,"  
There's little taste displayed about the matter.  
Beside the "old black hat," I see no "tile"  
But bears the stamp of a plebeian style,  
Excepting that famed one of "Peter Rubens,"  
The which of shillings would about cost two tens,  
    That is a sovereign I mean,  
    Which bears the image of the Queen;  
    And when you have the bill to settle,  
    You must of course shell out the metal.  
But, tho' the shape is good, 'tis large, and then  
It would extinguish many little men;  
And hatters must be dull, or do not care  
About a summer hat that's fit to wear.



I've done with hats. That whip's to reprimand  
A little dog, which fears to fit or stand,  
But ever keeps a leer upon the whip,  
Expecting it, if he should dare to trip.  
Ignoble element in men to find  
Brains brainless but to curb the canine mind.

Oh, what a nose! 'twould make an eagle blush!  
Oh, Wellington! (but, as he's dead, I'll hush).  
No hawk nor owl, with their most sapient look,  
Would ever dare to gaze on such a hook;  
Yet those who have a nose which breaks the line  
Derive it from the eagle—"aquiline;"  
Or, turn'd the other way, and not so snug,  
From dog (almost extinct) they call "a pug."  
Give me the nose that's neither one nor t'other,  
But takes a happy medium 'twixt the two,  
Such as Apollo's, and a certain few  
Examples left us still from Greece, their mother.

Ha! see that porter there, with ingenuity  
Baffling the railway law about "gratuity!"  
See how he stands, with finger on his lip,  
Whilst with the other hand "he takes a tip."

Well! if some gen'rous people feel inclined  
To treat civility by being kind,  
I see no cause why they should ever smother  
The impulse—"One good turn deserves another"—  
As public servants take them, great and small;  
I've always met with courtliness from all.

There is a youth with Dr. Watts's hymns,  
Observe his eye how busily it skims—  
    Not that most moral book  
    (Belonging to his little brother,;  
    He only holds it as a blind,  
    While he directs his look  
    Of modesty upon another  
    Whose loveliness still brings to mind  
"How fair is the rose! what a beautiful flower."  
Her features disclose—a most magical power.

Upon a fettle fits a Volunteer,  
Who's evidently primed himself with cheer;  
He has enrolled to act as our defender,  
And in his feelings is a "Young Pretender;"  
I mean that Charles for whom so many drew  
The sword, but after all it wouldn't do.

I note a man ; he's playing with a child,  
But in their faces see no similarity ;  
Is he the father ? No ! The lady smiled,  
And seem'd herself inclined for jocularly ;  
But I've been told some people give a cake,  
“ And kiss the baby for the mother's sake.”

In duration vile I see a strong man stands,  
With bracelets bright encircling his hands,  
Or rather wrists ;  
See how he twists,  
While two policemen hold him in command.  
It's easy for construing  
His “ game ” was for undoing  
Some noble charter of the British land.

A coffin and a racehorse side by side,  
A widow in her weeds, and then a bride  
Fill up the vacuum of our strange career,  
Where all things mortal unto death appear ;  
And yet the link which binds our lives, alas !  
Totters upon the shuntings as we pass.

Hark ! there's a sound which makes my heart  
rejoice.

Yes ; 'tis that fame old porter's nasal voice—

“ Heigh, zur ! baint you for Pad-ding-ton ?

Yez's best be sharp before the train be gone.”





## THE BARON

AND HIS ADVISERS.



LIMB of the law and a lamb of divinity  
Once felt on a subject the greatest affinity,  
For a Baron they knew  
Who'd a fine revenue,  
Which at death might be left  
To the folks who most deft  
Could curry the favour of such a rich man ;  
And, knowing the proverb that "life's but a span,"  
While mutually sharing their host's hospitality,  
The Lawyer summed up of his wealth the totality,  
While the Parson decanted on death and morality.

One day, after feasting and merrily spending  
The evening in drinking, with harmony blending,

Ere they had departed, the Baron so bold,  
From turbot and lobster, or p'rhaps from a cold,  
Fell grievously ill, when a messenger ran  
To summon the aid of a medical man.  
While the Doctor and Baron were quiet together,  
The Priest and the Lawyer (both "birds of a  
feather")  
Stepp'd into a room, where, as cautious as mice,  
They enter'd at once into mutual advice.

The Lawyer knew well how the wealth was  
bestow'd,  
Since he'd formerly drawn out the will,  
And with sad disappointment he easily show'd  
That what had been left to himself and his friend  
(After all their attention), was still  
From the bulk of the fortune a small dividend;  
And calmly propos'd, if the Baron should die,  
As they placed in each other—the faith of a  
brother,  
The original will they might p'rhaps falsify,  
Or destroy it at once, and then make out another.  
Tho' the two were most heedful,  
Yet the Doctor was needful,

To settle the matter they then had in hand,  
And the first opportunity  
They sought his community,  
And with overtures found him most pleasant and  
bland.

Then these three men professional  
Form'd a court or confessional,  
And against the bold Baron concocted a plot  
That by poison that night he should meet his upshot.

The Devil was strolling about on the prowl,  
When a sound caught his ear like an Irish howl,  
And he felt in his heart (if the Devil has one)  
That Death was performing the part of a dun,  
And he wonder'd how some of the Irish folk  
Could be hood-wink'd so well by a priest's silly joke,  
As if he'd a talisman under his cloak ;

And the row that they make  
At a dead Paddy's wake  
Through the ear  
Rings so clear

That no one can mistake.

But the sound that he heard had a different cadence;  
'Twas no scream for a soul, that from earth then  
had made hence,

For he heard not the cry,  
“ Ah! fure, why did ye die?”  
But more like rejoicing it seem’d to imply.

The trio were chatting away in their glee,  
Hob-nobbing each other in great ecstasy,  
When a form diabolical, “ *as in presenti*,”  
Presented itself and cried out, “ You all meant I

“ Should be in the dark ;

“ But mind this remark—

“ When a Lawyer, a Doctor, and then a Divine,

“ Come and chuckle and crow o’er a dead perfon’s  
wine,

“ There needs not on my part so very much science

“ To judge there’s unholiness in the alliance.

“ This man had bequeath’d all his fortune in charity,

“ When you, in your greed, with the greatest  
barbarity

“ To rob those in want, went and cancell’d his will,

“ Making one in your favour your pockets to fill,

“ And then bribed the Doctor his patient to kill.”

The Lawyer admitted the will was his writing,  
But insited ’twas done by the others’ inditing.



Cried the Doctor, "I own, for the sake of my meed,  
"From the pangs of this world the poor finner I  
freed."

Said the Parson, "I tacitly witneff'd the deed."

"But who forged his name?" said Old Nick, with  
a pause.

"No one's done it yet," cried the Lawyer, because  
"Whoe'er does it best is to gain the applause."

Then the Devil exclaim'd, "As I'm bound by no laws,

"I'll do it myself—clap the pen in my claws ;

"For when you all die, as you're certain to come

"To the regions below, which will be your last home,

"I'll leave you just now to your pleasure and mirth,

"Since I find I'm so well represented on earth."

But the Baron so bold

Was not easily "fold ;"

Tho' they thought they had "settled his hash,"

He lay snug in bed

And heard what they said

About his estates and his cash.

By dint of good luck he had just "saved his bacon ;"

For the poison the Doctor had sent to be taken

He pour'd in a wine-glass instead of his throttle,  
And then put it safely again in the bottle.  
Of physic he'd always the greatest antipathy,  
And thought to himself in each drop that I drip  
I see—

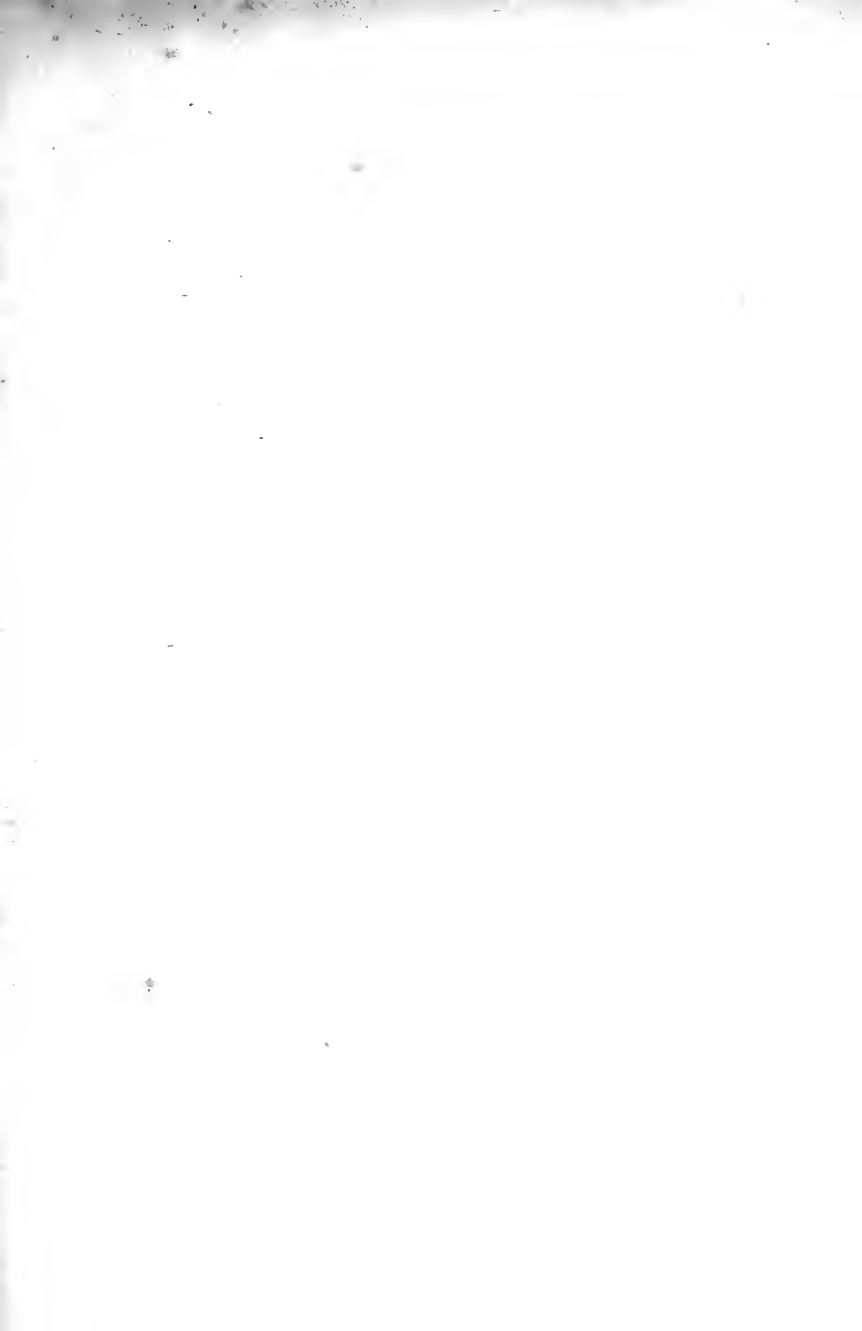
Something that looks like a mixture that's nauseous.  
So he tasted one drop, as he always was cautious,  
Tho' not from a doubt that 'twas poison within it—  
He didn't suspect such a thing for a minute.  
But instead of the physic he took *eau de vie*,  
Which kept him alive to “a dead certainty;”  
Yet the one drop of poison, by fortunate chance,  
Only brought on a sort of a torpor or trance,  
From which he awoke  
In the midst of their joke,  
And felt very shocked for humanity's sake,  
Tho' about “Cloven Horny” he felt no mistake;  
For, as slyly he cast his eye over the counterpane,  
He saw such an object he ne'er wish'd to see again.  
But he little expected the Devil that night  
Would have shown up his friends in their colours  
so bright;

And wisely determined, as soon as they'd fled,  
Not to take any notice of what had been said :

Since "Old Nick" was in league, he thought it  
was best  
To keep his own counsel and let matters rest.  
And Hilt'ry relates  
He sold his estates,  
And made up his mind that hereafter  
All professional men should be kept at arm's length,  
Since 'twas only by good luck and bodily strength  
He awoke 'midst their horrible laughter.







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